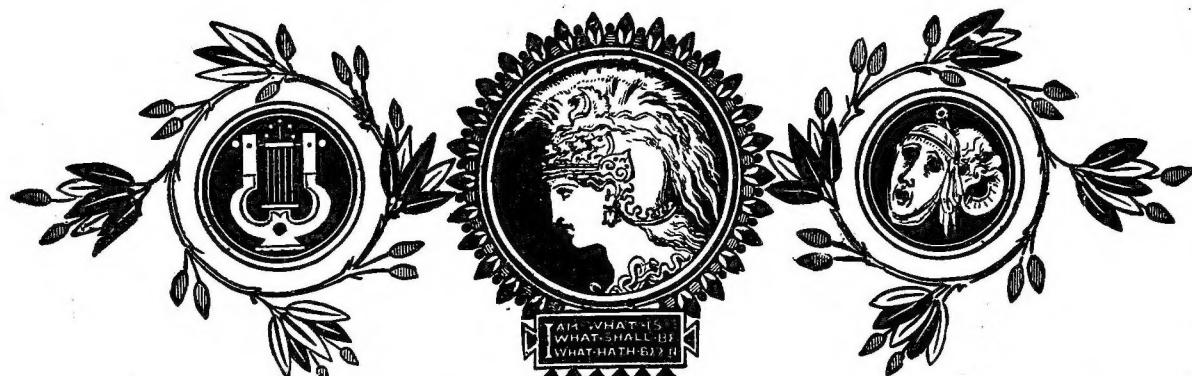


ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 992

DECEMBER 1. 1888

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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LONDON

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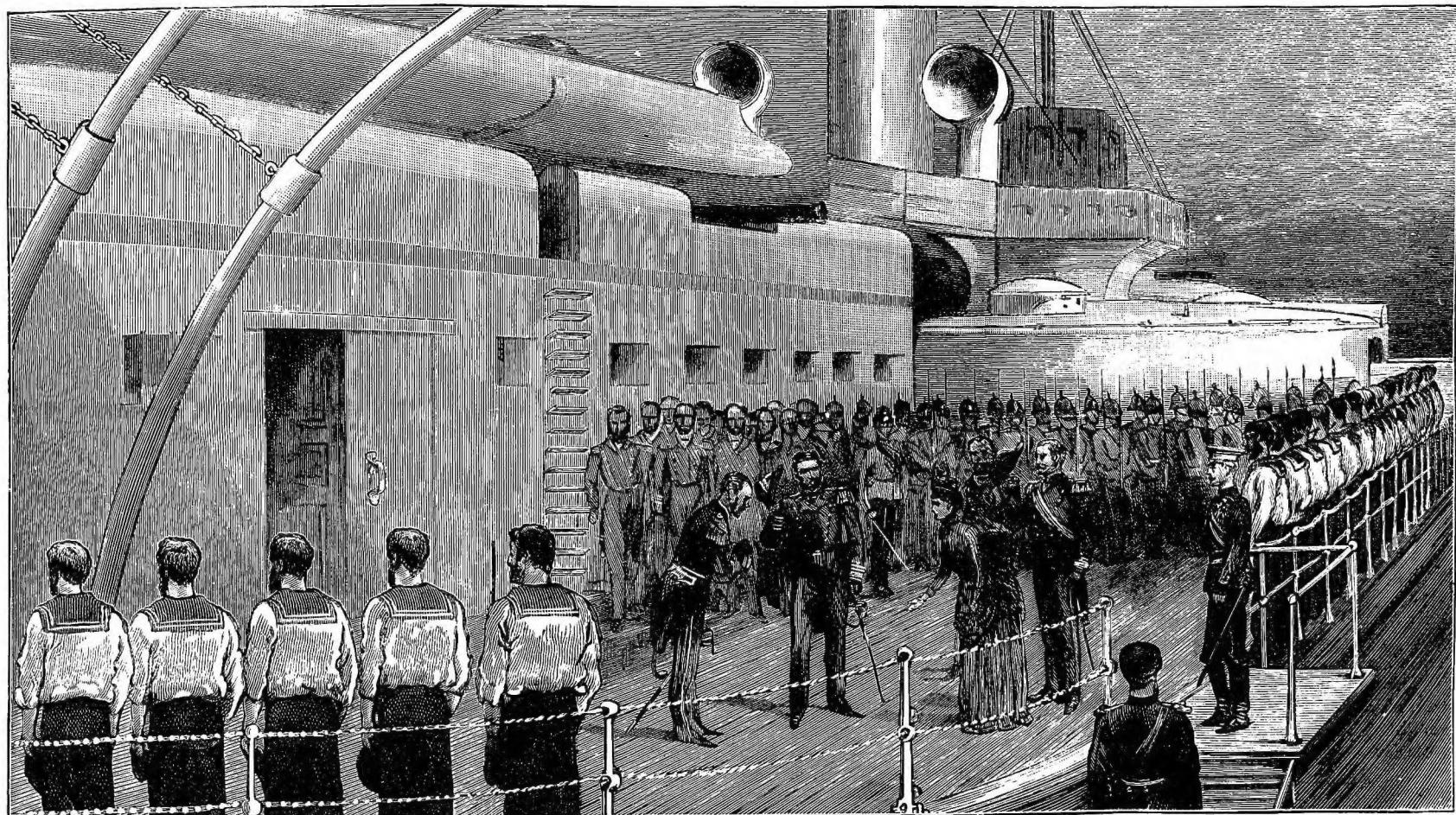
No. 992.—VOL. XXXVIII.
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

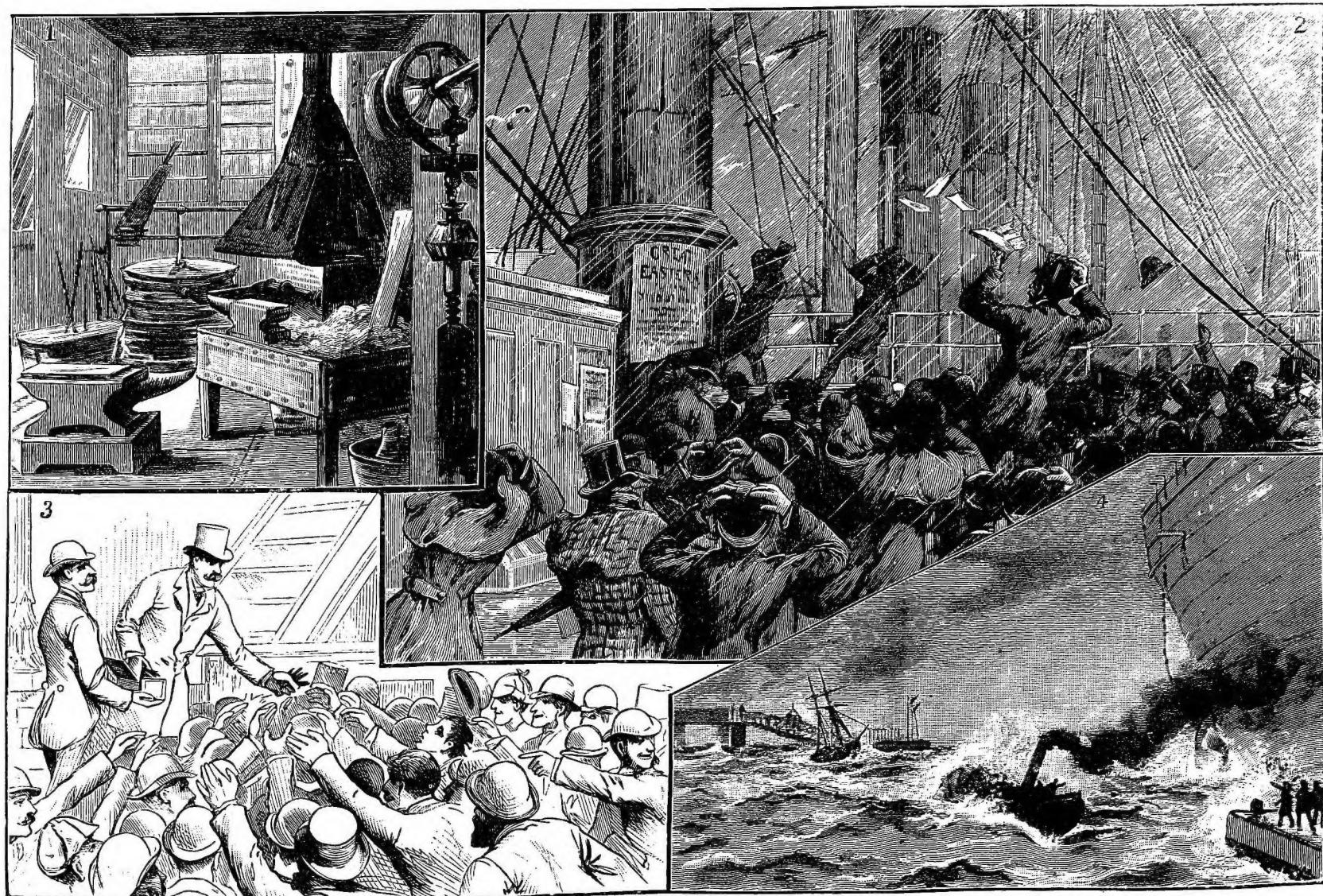
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE TO H.M.S. "EDINBURGH" OFF THE PIRÆUS
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECEIVING THEIR MAJESTIES



1. The Smith's Shop: A Relic of the Atlantic Cable, 1866
2. Auctioneering Under Difficulties: The Auctioneer at Sea

3. Spirited Bidding: Cigars Round at the end of the Day's Sale
4. Her Proverbial Ill-Luck Pursues her: Bidders Going on Board in a Gale

THE "GREAT EASTERN" UNDER THE HAMMER



PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.—In these days so many odd things happen in Parliament that the public are not readily astonished by its proceedings. On Tuesday morning, however, most people were a good deal surprised when they read about the "scene" in the House of Commons on the previous evening. It would be difficult to conceive a more scandalous waste of time than that which was brought about by the discussion of Mr. Sheehy's supposed wrongs. Even if the constable who outraged the feelings of that eminent legislator had been guilty of a serious breach of privilege, we may doubt whether the incident would have excited much sensation out of doors. There is no question about which ordinary members of Parliament are so touchy as the question of privilege. They lash themselves into fury about it as if it involved the gravest issues of national or international politics; and it is noteworthy that it seems to be a matter of particular interest to those members who are most apt to talk with indignation about "privileged" classes in general. Yet Parliamentary privileges are for the most part mere "survivals." In former ages, although liable to abuse, they may have been necessary; now few of them are really essential to the independence of Parliament. When, therefore, angry debates are carried on about matters of this kind, the feeling in the country is simply one of amazement that sensible men should devote so much attention to such extremely ridiculous grievances. In the present instance the uproar was emphatically a case of "much ado about nothing." It is unfortunate that Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan should have thought of inviting Mr. Sheehy to step "aside" or "outside" for the purpose of having a summons served upon him; but he meant no harm, and Mr. Sheehy would have come better out of the affair if he had laughed at his countryman's blunder instead of pretending that it was a grave offence. As for the notion that the Government had anything to do with Mr. Sullivan's escapade, we shall not do the Parnellites or any of the Gladstonians the injustice to suppose that they for a moment really believed that wild nonsense. An opportunity of annoying Ministers was unexpectedly provided for them, and they promptly took advantage of it. That is the true explanation of the dispute of Monday evening.

THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.—Whatever may be said of the result of the polling on Monday from a party point of view, it is satisfactory to see that the London School Board election shows no sign of losing interest. The contest was fought out with great determination from first to last, and so great was the excitement in some divisions that a stranger might have imagined it a Parliamentary election. It is said that the feminine ratepayer made much fuller use of her electoral privileges than on previous occasions. How she voted can only be guessed; perhaps it would be as safe a surmise as any to conjecture that, as a rule, she followed the advice of her favourite preacher or pastor. As regards the Big-Endians and the Little-Endians—if we may so style the parties "engineered" respectively by Mr. Diggle and Mr. Buxton—the chief moral of the election seems to be that the ratepayers have recovered from the panic caused by the extravagant proclivities of the majority which was overthrown in 1885. The Buxton party adopted, too, less ambitious tactics than at that contest, contenting themselves with starting only so many candidates as they could make pretty sure of carrying by a judicious use of cumulative voting. The Diggleites, on the contrary, tried for rather too much in some instances, notably in Westminster, where they could certainly have secured four seats instead of three had they not endeavoured to monopolise the whole five. None of the professed Socialist candidates made much of a show, a circumstance not without comfort to those who wish the London School Board to labour at practical work. There will probably be quite enough heated debate without the presence of Mr. Quelch and his colleagues, the two fighting parties being much more equal than in the old Board, while Mr. Conybeare, Mrs. Besant, and Mr. Headlam will help to keep things lively. As the Roman Catholic and Jewish members are on the same side as the Diggleites with respect to fair play for voluntary schools, that burning question is not likely to be brought prominently forward during the next three years. Taking it as a whole, the new Board is quite equal to any of its predecessors in intellectual calibre and fitness for the deeply important work of educating nearly half a million of children. May we not hope that the magnitude and the vital consequences of this Titanic labour will gradually subdue those partisan animosities which have lately made an unwelcome appearance in the papers?

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.—Mr. Monro brings excellent qualifications for the anxious and responsible post to which he has been appointed. Some years ago he held with great credit a similar position in Bengal, and since then, as Director of the Criminal Investigation Department in this country, he succeeded in unravelling the plots of the dynamite conspirators, and in bringing to justice some of the actual perpetrators of those outrages. As he received this

appointment from Sir William Harcourt, while he owes his new position to the influence of Mr. Matthews, his selection will be regarded with approval by the leaders of both the great parties in Parliament, and there is good reason to hope that the unfortunate condition of friction which led to the resignation of Sir Charles Warren will henceforward be avoided. With the exception of the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, there are no official positions in these days which are more arduous, and, in many respects, more unthankful, than the Home Secretaryship and the Chief Commissionership of Metropolitan Police. Their holders are blamed if any individual constable either fails to do his duty or does it too zealously; if mysterious murders remain undetected; if they restrict the right of public meeting; or if, on the other hand, they permit assemblies to take place which afterwards, as in February, 1886, degenerate into scenes of disorder and pillage. Then, every now and then exceptional incidents arise, such as the Cass case, which need to be handled with considerable judgment and dexterity. It is to be hoped that unpleasant experience has taught Mr. Matthews wisdom; nevertheless he will do well to bear in mind that incidents occasionally occur which throw the British public into a state of intense, though transient, excitement, and that it is prudent for the Home Secretary, whatever his private opinions may be, to sympathise heartily with this excitement while it lasts. Sir William Harcourt thoroughly understood this policy when he was Home Secretary, and it undoubtedly increased the popularity which he already deserved on more solid grounds.

LORD HARTINGTON.—Mr. Gladstone's followers often speak of Lord Hartington as a kind of slave of the Conservative Government. We are told that in breaking away from his leader he meant to be independent, but that he finds himself compelled to do in all things the bidding of his new allies. At other times he is represented as the real chief of the Unionist party, the Conservatives included. "He is the Great Lama," said Mr. Labouchere on Monday evening. The Government, according to the senior Member for Northampton, is "dual," and it cannot venture to "take any step without consulting the noble Marquis." Of these contradictory views the latter is probably a good deal nearer the truth than the former. Without Lord Hartington's support the Government could not remain in power for a week; and, if he has sometimes to give way to them, it is certain that they have quite as often to mould their policy in accordance with his wishes. Lord Hartington well deserves to possess the authority he exercises. The country recognises in him one of the most solid and trustworthy of its statesmen, and even his opponents never fail to speak with respect of his disinterestedness and his high sense of political honour. No one who read his speech at Haslingden the other day could have any doubt as to the source of his influence. A more manly, straightforward speech has not for a long time been heard in England. His ideas about Home Rule were expressed with a distinctness which contrasted strongly with recent utterances on the same subject at Birmingham, and it would have been impossible for any one to display more perfect tact and temper than he showed in his lucid and interesting statement on the management of the Irish property of the Duke of Devonshire. This statement was of admirable service, not only as an answer to Mr. Labouchere, but as an illustration of the often-forgotten fact that there are in Ireland landlords whom that country could ill afford to lose. Few Irish landlords are in a position to act with the generosity exhibited by the Duke of Devonshire, but many of them have tried to work in his spirit; and, if landlords of this class were bought out or driven away, the peasantry would speedily find that independence was a poor compensation for the want of their help and guidance.

THE SUAKIN EXPEDITION.—Who can help a sense of misgiving on hearing that British troops are again to be employed at Suakin the Pestilential? Not merely, either, to garrison the forts, but for the purpose of capturing the enemy's entrenchments. The First Lord of the Treasury states that this undertaking extends no farther than operations "in the immediate neighbourhood" of the port. That is a dangerously elastic phrase; it might be made to cover an advance on Handoub. Even supposing, however, that the combined force of Egyptians and Europeans does nothing more than try to rout the Arabs out of their trenches, it is by no means certain that the attempt will not lead to disaster. Judging from our previous experiences in the Eastern Soudan, the warriors of those parts are far more than a match for Egyptian soldiers. Let us assume, however, that the effort succeeds, and that, after more or less carnage, the sons of the desert are driven back to their fastnesses in the adjacent hills. Well, we did that before, and very little good came of it. Who does not remember the wonderful railway which we hurriedly laid down across the strip of territory we had conquered, and how it was abandoned to the Arabs as a sort of peace-offering? Unless it be intended to permanently hold a more advanced position beyond the walls, there does not seem much sweet reasonableness in the contemplated expedition. Far wiser would it be to supply the forts with guns of longer range, so as to keep the enemy at a safe distance from the town. Were this done, the hostile fire could do little harm, beyond occasionally knocking over some Egyptian sentry. And what would

such petty losses be to the wholesale slaughter sure to occur if this expedition sets forth to try conclusions in the open? In time, too, the Soudanese would become weary of wasting ammunition, and perhaps might then show greater willingness to come to an amicable understanding. But if we repeat the stupidity of slaying them by the thousand, only to show our superior fighting capacity, depend upon it that the vendetta will go on for years. Once prove to them that they can neither take nor harm Suakin, and they will give up breaking their teeth on that hard nut.

MR. BRIGHT.—No conspicuous public man of the present day has more friends and fewer enemies than Mr. Bright. Thousands of sympathising eyes in all English-speaking countries scan the daily bulletins of his health, yet his most sincere well-wishers would probably be the last to desire a prolongation of this ordeal of pain and weakness, unless (which would be almost a miracle in a man suffering under such a malady at the age of seventy-seven) it could be followed by a restoration to perfect health and vigour. With sorrow, therefore, we must reluctantly admit that his political career has closed, and that the remainder of his time on earth must be but brief. John Bright will have no successor to his fame. His was a unique figure. No orator is likely to excel him. His speeches, when he was at his best, owed their force not merely to the felicitous words in which they were clothed, but to the sincerity of the convictions by which he was animated. He put his conscience into every syllable he uttered. Hence he was often a hard and unsparing hitter. He felt strongly, and he expressed himself with equal fervour. We must bear in mind the condition of the country when he first became a public speaker. Great distress and discontent prevailed, and Mr. Bright ardently believed that much of that distress and discontent would be removed by the repeal of the Corn-laws. And the event has proved that he was right to a great extent. He was right, too, about various other reforms, once regarded as dangerous innovations, but now forgotten because they seem so reasonable and common-place. Yet he was no mob-worshipper. The commonalty—believing Russia to be the incarnation of despotism—was even more eager than the higher classes for the war with the Czar. Mr. Bright steadfastly opposed the war, and consequently was for some years out of popular favour. At a later period he quitted the Cabinet sooner than join in the Egyptian campaign. But the most painful trial he had to undergo was when he, who had previously striven to allay Irish discontent by methods far in advance of those of most Liberal statesmen, was compelled to part from his old colleague and chief on the question of Home Rule. It is strange that the only politicians who to-day show any bitterness towards John Bright are the Ultra-Radicals, of whose views forty years ago he was regarded as the most powerful exponent.

GERMANY AS A NAVAL POWER.—For many years the Germans have been anxious that their country should attain the position of an important Naval Power. In their war with Denmark in 1848 they were put to most serious inconvenience by the fact that they had no war-ships; and from that period their wish to be strong on sea as well as on land may be said to date. For purposes of mere defence the German Navy, according to the best authorities, is at present as powerful as it needs to be. Even in 1870-71 it was efficient enough for the protection of the coasts; and now it is both absolutely and relatively much more formidable than it was then. The Germans, however, are not satisfied with this state of things. They desire that their Navy shall be capable of attack as well as of defence, and, in accordance with this desire, a very important naval programme has been submitted to the Reichstag. It is proposed that 5,840,000*l.* shall be spent in adding ships of various classes to the existing fleet. We in England could not do with this money all that the Germans expect to do with it; but their work, it must be remembered, is done more economically than ours, and it is possible that the estimated cost of the new vessels will prove to be accurate. If the sum is not sufficient, the Government will have no difficulty in obtaining from Parliament any additional amount that may be needed. The matter is by no means one which we can afford to treat with indifference. The increase of the German Navy will, undoubtedly, lead to a corresponding increase of the Navy of France; and sooner or later England will have to follow suit.

COLONIAL COMMISSIONAIRES.—The experiment of establishing a branch of the Corps of Commissionaires in Australia has so far been attended by conspicuous success. So great is the demand for these men at Sydney, that Sir Edward Walter could at once provide employment for an additional fifty, provided they possessed the necessary qualifications. The men sent out from England to form the nucleus of the branch, and those who have since joined, earn on the average 2*l.* 10*s.* a week, an income admitting both of their living in comfort and putting by money. Not the least praiseworthy feature of the scheme is that it especially addresses itself to time-expired soldiers leaving India. To many of these men "coming home" is a great stumbling-block to their future welfare. Having some money at their disposal, they fall into idle, dissolute ways before it is spent, and thus gravitate lower and lower until they reach the sub-

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stratum. Others, again, have to wait long before they get employment, and during this time of struggle their surroundings are apt to be as demoralising as they are miserable. It will be a grand thing for them, therefore, to be able to pass on direct from India to Australia, with the certainty of finding well-paid employment at the end of the voyage. Nor can the Colonies fail to benefit from this infiltration of seasoned Englishmen who have acquired habits of discipline and a certain general hardiness during their military careers. They are the very stuff to make good settlers when once they have learnt the ways of their new country, and it will surprise us if, in the course of a few years, Sir Edward Walter does not find many vacancies caused by the absorption of his Colonial Commissioners into the civilian ranks of industry. Not less praiseworthy than this truly philanthropic endeavour is the effort now being made by Sir John Adye and others to place the Association for Employment of Men of the Reserve on a better footing. Although only in existence for three years, this organisation has already found work in London alone for nearly 1,000 Reserve men, who might otherwise have fallen to the lowest social level. The Association deserves far more public support than it receives; without display or self-advertising, it is conferring immense benefits both on the Army and the country at large.

DEARTH OF POLITICAL ABILITY IN FRANCE.—Subsequent experience has shown that there is much truth in the observation made by the Duke of Wellington in Lord Stanhope's recently-published "Conversations," to the effect that disturbed times do not tend to bring forth able men. It is true that during the earlier years of the Great Revolution a number of persons came to the front who have attained a world-wide notoriety; but, for the most part, their fame is due, not so much to the talents they displayed as to the enormities they committed. Moreover, these persons were born and bred under the old Monarchy. Bonaparte, of course, as the Duke frankly admits, was "a man apart. He might have started up at any time." In France this dearth of political ability has been especially conspicuous since the fall of the Second Empire. Thiers was a relic from a bygone generation; and who, after Thiers, is deserving of fame, except Gambetta? But the genius of Gambetta was chiefly destructive; nor is it at all certain that, if he had survived to the present time, he would have displayed any genuine constructive statesmanship. Nearly all the other names which have been of late years familiar to the French people are those of men who are fairly capable politicians, but who have neither the genius nor the sincerity to impress their personalities on the general public. As the national proverb has it, "Among the blind the one-eyed is king," and to this scarcity of "men of light and leading" must be attributed the Boulanger boom. But it would be a mistake to imagine that General Boulanger owes his undeniably popularity (though his enemies naturally encourage this view) to his black charger, and various other small devices for attaining notoriety. It is far more probable that the public liking for him began when, as a military chief, he showed himself not merely an honest official, but one desirous of promoting the well-being of the private soldier. In a country which recruits its army by conscription, there is a soldier in almost every family; these men are naturally powerful disseminators of ideas, and therefore their harmonious note of approval finds expression in the popular ditty, "C'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut." Whether the gallant General will be able to maintain the excellent reputation which he formerly earned is another question.

TEETOTALLERS AND THE DEAN OF ROCHESTER.—The Dean of Rochester has had the misfortune to give serious offence to teetotallers. While preaching against drunkenness the other day, he took the opportunity to say a good word for those who do not consider themselves morally bound to give up altogether the use of alcoholic liquors. To the most ardent class of temperance reformers this seems dangerous teaching, and they have not failed to let the Dean know what they think of his laxity. Other people find it difficult to understand why teetotallers should be so ready to take offence. No one doubts that there are cases in which the taking of "the pledge" is the only safe course. A man who has been in the habit of drinking to excess, or who feels that he is in danger of becoming a drunkard, can save himself only by total and resolute abstinence. But why should those who are in no such peril deprive themselves of what they consider a harmless pleasure, or even a necessary article of diet? It is impossible not to respect the motives of those who become teetotallers for the sake of "example"; but it is not every one who feels himself called upon to make a sacrifice of this kind for the intemperate, and there are many who think that moderation is a better example than teetotalism. The advocates of temperance would in no way lessen their influence, and probably they would increase it, if they displayed a little more charity in speaking of those who are unable to share their views as to the best way of dealing with an exceedingly complicated and difficult problem. Logically enough, the Dean of Rochester, having defended the moderate drinker, went on to protest against the extravagant way in which public-houses are often denounced; and on this subject also he had much to say that commends itself to the majority of Englishmen. That public-houses may be, and often are, a nuisance, is true; but, when properly managed, they are of essential service to

a large proportion of the working classes. To abolish them altogether would be to do a serious injury not only to the proprietors, but to a vast number of respectable people, with whose liberty in the use of public-houses the community has no sort of right to interfere.

SPARKLING WINES.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has pleasant news to tell about the financial results of his new tax on sparkling wines. When he proposed the impost, a multitude of Cassandras—mostly in the wine trade—predicted that the British public would leave off drinking champagne and its effervescent rivals. Perhaps that would not have been an unmixed calamity; dinner-parties might have become somewhat less ostentatious. But Mr. Goschen is an artful man—as sly in his way as Major Bagstock was in his. The Chancellor evidently counted upon the probability that ostentatious people would be more attracted than ever to sparkling wines by their higher price. And so it has proved; the yield of the duty so far largely exceeds the estimate framed on the previous average consumption. Perhaps, however, it may be uncharitable to attribute the increased demand to that form of snobbishness which values any article more highly, because it is quite beyond the reach of poorer folks. Let us believe, if we can manage it, that larger consumption is the result of an exalted spirit of patriotism. Those who drank sherry and claret previously, now consume sparkling wines in order to benefit the national revenue. It is an excellent ambition, and deserves all possible encouragement. Mr. Goschen erred greatly, therefore, in making it known that some wine merchants sell champagne which stands them in less than 30s. a dozen at 80s. a dozen. There is an element of humour in the revelation, but the Chancellor would have acted more wisely to keep his lips closed. The next time Mr. Amphitryon, of Midas Lane, is boasting of the high price he pays for "the best *cuvées* of the best vintages," his guests will laugh in their sleeves, and mentally estimate the original price of the rare tipple at half-a-crown a bottle. It would be interesting to learn the price paid to a champagne grower for a fair brand and that which it commands at a West End hotel. Would a thousand per cent. more than cover the difference? Perhaps Mr. Goschen could make a shrewd guess by this time.

THE TWO ENDS OF AN OCEAN PASSAGE.—The new arrangement at Liverpool, whereby the baggage of passengers from America bound for London will be examined at Euston and St. Pancras stations instead of on the Liverpool landing-stage, will be hailed as a great boon by travellers, who have plenty of grievances to narrate on this score, as was indicated by a recent newspaper correspondence. It is to be hoped that the New York Custom House authorities will on their side undertake some similar changes, for, owing to the highly-protective character of the United States tariff, the delays and annoyances undergone by voyagers are far worse there than on the shores of the Mersey. And this leads us to remark, in accordance with the sentence which heads this article, that steamboat companies, sailors, and even passengers themselves, attach an almost undue importance to the speed with which the ocean can be crossed. We hear a great deal about "greyhounds of the Atlantic;" a fast passage which "cuts the record" is regarded as a first-class sporting event; and yet so long as the space between land and land has been rapidly covered, nobody seems to care particularly if an unnecessarily long time afterwards is consumed in actually getting into port. Yet, after all, this is the passenger's main object, and, if unachieved, the speed of "greased lightning" across the herring-pond would avail him little. Of course, these delays are sometimes unavoidable owing to fogs and other natural phenomena, but it is not always so, and it is passing strange that, when within easy hail of New York or Liverpool as the case may be, the Atlantic greyhound is sometimes transformed into a tortoise.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee—Mr. HENRY IRVING. M.R. RICHARD MANSFIELD LTD. To-night at 8.45—PRINCE KARL—Last Night of Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD'S Season at the LYCEUM Theatre. Preceded at Eight by ALWAYS INTENDED. MATINEE to-day (SATURDAY) at 2.30. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. PRINCE KARL will be TRANSFERRED to the GLOBE THEATRE, Saturday, December 22.

THEATRE ROYAL, BRIGHTON.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, MR. and MRS. KENDAL.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE. LAST WEEK of the SEASON. EVERY EVENING at SEVEN, HELD BY THE ENEMY. Misses Oliph Webb, Sophie Fane, B. D'Almaire, Howe; Messrs. Algernon Syms, J. B. Howe, Walter Stedman, &c. INCIDENTALS—Concluding with GALE BREEZY.—MONDAY, Dec. 10th, Benefit of Mrs. LANE, and LAST NIGHT of the SEASON.

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BIRMINGHAM CATTLE and POULTRY SHOW, DECEMBER 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th. **THE LARGEST SHOW OF FAT CATTLE EVER HELD IN BIRMINGHAM.** The GREAT SHOW takes place in BINGLEY HALL. ADMISSION—This Day (Saturday), December 1st, 10s.; on Monday, 5s.; on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 1s. For Excursion Trains see the Companies' bills.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW. ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON

THE NINETY-FIRST ANNUAL SHOW OF CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, IMPLEMENTS, ROOTS, &c., MONDAY, DECEMBER 10th, at 2 p.m. Close at 8 p.m. Admission Five Shillings.

CATTLE SHOW.—TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY. December 11, 12, 13, and 14. Open at 9 a.m. Close at 9 p.m. Admission, One Shilling. Royal Agricultural Hall Company, Limited. R. VENNER, Secretary.

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THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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WILL CONTAIN

the following Pictures printed in Colours:

Four Drawings by R. BARNES, R.W.S. "MR. ROW BAHADUR RAMCHUNDER GOPAL-DAS'S WEDDING PARTY." Six Sketches by Captain PENROSE. "A DAY OF MISFORTUNES." Thirteen Sketches by "MARS," after Miss EMILY LEES. "MARRIED MY WIFE ON SUNDAY." Married my wife on Sunday: Took her home on Monday: We both fell out on Tuesday: Bought a stickle on Wednesday: Beate her well on Thursday: Wife fell sick on Friday: Ryshtie glad was I by Saturday night: To kiss and make friends on Sunday. Illustrated by Seven Water-Colour Sketches by PERCY MACQUOID, R.I. The Story is entitled— "PRINCESS SUNSHINE," By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

THERE WILL BE

Two Presentation Plates

From the Pictures of Shakespeare's Heroines in "The Graphic" Collection.

Sweet Anne Page,

By G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

"The dinner is on the table: my father desires your worship's company."

Juliet,

By P. H. CALDERON, R.A.

"O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

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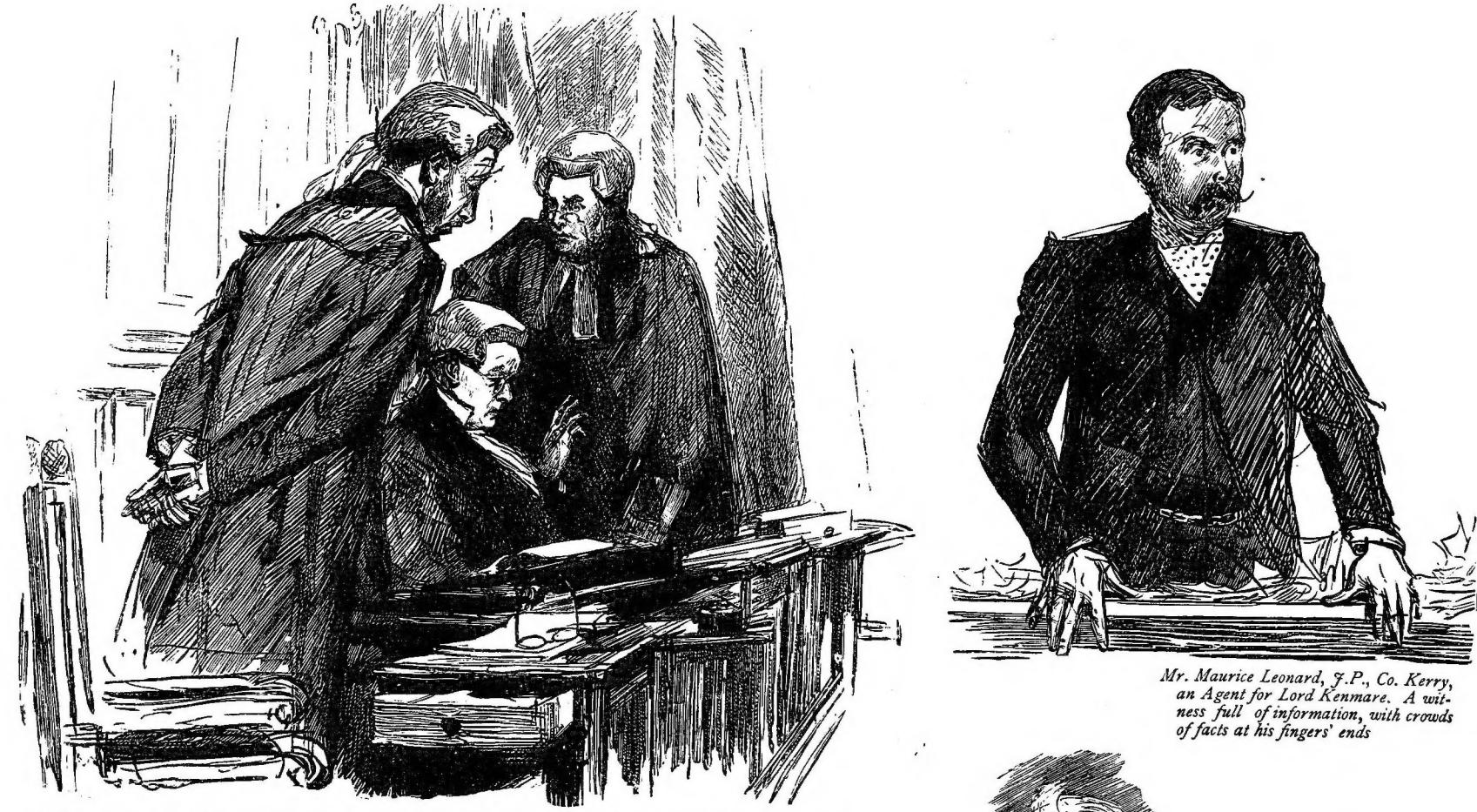
190, STRAND, LONDON.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE WORSHIP OF THE SWORD IN JAPAN."



THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE TO H.M.S. "EDINBURGH"

We have already given an account of the chief festivities attending the Silver Jubilee commemoration of the accession of King George of Greece, and need only say that our illustration represents the visit of the King and Queen, on November 5th, to H.M.S. Edinburgh, one of the vessels of the Mediterranean Squadron which, under the command of the Duke of Edinburgh, had assembled off the Piraeus to do honour to the occasion. The King and Queen are being received on board by the Duke, who is presenting to their Majesties Captain Palliser, the commander of the vessel.



A Knotty Point: The Commissioners Consult: Sir James Hannon, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Smith

Mr. Maurice Leonard, J.P., Co. Kerry, an Agent for Lord Kenmare. A witness full of information, with crowds of facts at his fingers' ends



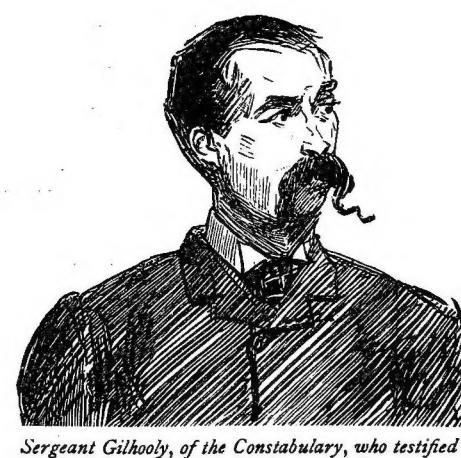
Mr. William Davis, Inspector of Constabulary, who testified to outrages in Castleisland

Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien, M.P., who appeared in Court for the first time

Sir Henry James examining a Witness



Mr. Maurice Leonard hurling facts at the heads of his cross-examiners



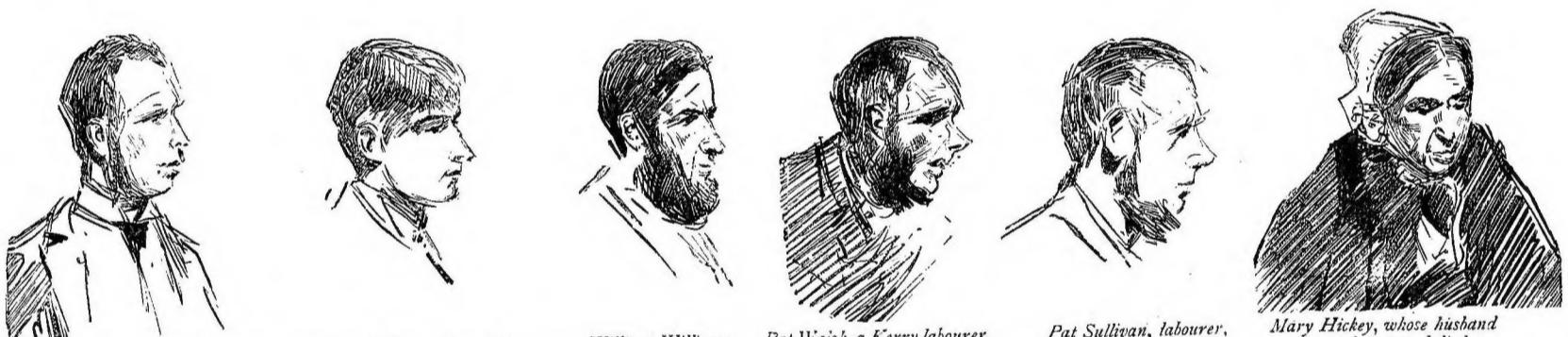
Sergeant Gilhooley, of the Constabulary, who testified to an increase in the police-force, and the outrages in Castleisland



John Teehan, publican and cattle-dealer, who said that he lost £100 by attending the Court to-day



THE MOUNTAIN MULE BATTERY, LATELY FORMED AT ALDERSHOT, IN ACTION ON CÆSAR'S CAMP



Denis McCarthy, farmer, near Killarney, whose house was visited by disguised men, who threatened him because he was suspected of paying his rent

Henry Williams, boycotted at school and chapel

William Williams, attacked and fired at by Moonlighters

Pat Waish, a Kerry labourer, who declined to answer questions about secret societies

Pat Sullivan, labourer, whose house was attacked by Moonlighters

Mary Hickey, whose husband was shot at and died



Norah Fitzmaurice, whose father was murdered at Lixnaw



Mr. Edward Harrington, M.P., turns a deaf ear to the voice of his counsel, Mr. Reid, and is fined £500 for Contempt of Court

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

THE SALE OF THE GREAT EASTERN

IN a recent number (September 8th) we illustrated this Leviathan ship being towed to her last berth in the Mersey, and gave a summary of her unfortunate thirty years' career. The hull and fittings were sold last week by auction at New Ferry, Liverpool, the sale lasting five days, and concluding on Saturday. Fair prices appear to have been obtained—the total receipts being £8,000/—among the buyers being shipowners and merchants from all parts of the United Kingdom and abroad. The dismantling of the great vessel will begin in a few weeks' time, and is expected to take some eighteen months to complete. The vessel was purchased by the vendors, Messrs. Bath and Co. of Liverpool, for £6,000/.

THE PARRELL COMMISSION

RESUMING our chronological record, the opening incident of the proceedings on Tuesday, November 20th, was the reading by Sir Richard Webster of certain extracts from a newspaper called the *Kerry Sentinel*, belonging to Mr. Edward Harrington. In these extracts the Court was declared to be "the creation of the Government and of the *Times* conspirators," and the judges were charged with showing partiality. Next day, as Mr. Harrington declined to adopt the advice of his counsel, Mr. R. T. Reid, and offer a humble apology, he was adjudged to pay a fine of £500/ to the Queen. One of the witnesses on the Tuesday was Mary Hickey, the widow of Cornelius Hickey, who had been caretaker of an evicted farm near Castleisland. In June, 1882, as she and her husband were returning from market, he was shot at, dying afterwards of his wounds. Mrs. Hickey is a typical Kerry peasant woman, in her neat white cap, and voluminous blue cloak. Next day, Norah Fitzmaurice, a bright-looking, well-dressed girl, with large thoughtful eyes, was examined. Last January her father was murdered in her presence at Lixnaw, and it was her evidence which procured the conviction of the murderers. This conduct on the part of the poor girl is, in Kerry (unlike murder), an unpardonable crime, and ever since Miss Fitzmaurice has been subjected to bitter persecution. One of the most instructive witnesses who has hitherto appeared before the Commission Court was Mr. Maurice Leonard, the agent of Lord Kenmare, who at great length, and aided by a number of documents, gave a history of the origin of the troubles on that estate. All was peace and quietness till the Land League made its malignant influence felt. This witness was cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell with all the skill he could command, but his evidence remained practically unshaken. George Curtin, a broth-



Mr. George Curtin, brother to Miss Lizzie Curtin, whose father was murdered.

of Lizzie Curtin, gave evidence to show how the family were treated after his father's assassination, and the conviction of one of the murderers. The people on the road shouted after him (the witness) "Murderer" and "Informer"; and their servants were beaten and compelled to leave their employment. Michael Harris, a sergeant in the Royal Irish Constabulary, gave evidence that he arrested the two men who were tried at Wicklow and executed for the murder of James Fitzmaurice. On Friday, a large part of the sitting was consumed by the examination of District Inspector Huggins, of Castleisland, and there was much reading aloud of official reports of outrages, which the idlers, who frequent the Court in hopes of hearing something sensational, voted to be intolerably dull. After luncheon, however, they got a laugh out of Sir Charles Russell, when he lost his temper over Inspector Huggins, and



David Huggins, Head-Constable, connects Moonlighters with the League

exclaimed in menacing tones—"Do you mean to tell the *jury*, sir?" The next witness, Mr. James Teehan, an innkeeper and cattle-dealer at Tralee, caused much hilarity by the boastful way in which he spoke of his own wealth, and the contempt he expressed for some of the spouters at the meetings. He said he was losing a hundred pounds by standing in that box. No doubt he spoke the truth. Let the Judges take the hint, and cut the proceedings short.

A MOUNTAIN MULE BATTERY

OUR sketch represents the Mountain Battery lately formed at Aldershot, in action on Caesar's Camp during the recent manoeuvres.

The chief difference between Mountain and Horse and Field Artillery Batteries is, that in the former the guns, carriages, and ammunition are carried on mules, instead of being drawn by horses. The gun is made in two pieces which screw together, each piece forming a mule's load, a third mule takes the carriage, a fourth the wheels, and a fifth the axletree, elevating gear, &c.

The smartness and celerity with which the whole can be put together, and the gun brought into action, is truly astonishing.

The mules are about thirteen and a-half hands high, and their loads average from twenty-two to twenty-four stones—loads which they make light of.

These Batteries can accompany Infantry over any kind of ground, but they specially excel on mountain tracks, thick jungle, heavy sand, and in close country where wheels are useless. Sir Frederick Roberts selected nothing but Mountain Batteries to accompany his force on his celebrated march from Cabul to Candahar, and five of them were recently put under orders for the Black Mountain Expedition.

The gunners are chosen for their physique and activity, and, being dressed in a very workmanlike kit, they compare very favourably with any corps which has come under our observation.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Major L. G. Fawkes, R.A.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES

WE have much pleasure in reproducing the most recent portrait of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, drawn by Mr. Henry Van der Weyde in pastels. Having received the commands of Her Royal Highness to attend at Marlborough House, the artist in a few sittings produced the likeness we now publish, which may fairly be considered one of the most successful ever made of the Princess. One is disposed to hope that the impetus given to the charming art of pastel-drawing by the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, and not less so by the gracious patronage afforded by Her Royal Highness, may result in the revival of that at one time popular art. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, when John Russell, R.A., wrote his "Elements of Painting in Crayons," both that artist and his predecessor, Francis Cates, R.A., were, as pastellists, in this country what the somewhat unfortunate Carrera Rosalba was to Italy. Mr. Van der Weyde, in his portrait of the Princess, has not adopted the method sometimes employed by artists of mixing a siccative with his pastels, but has laid on the colours pure and simple, with the result, we cannot help thinking, of producing greater brilliancy and force of effect. Her Royal Highness is represented attired in evening dress, with festoons of magnificent pearls around the neck. We are glad to find that Mr. Van der Weyde, without neglecting the art of photography, to which he has rendered such signal service, is again resuming his pencil, and we look forward to seeing before long many more works of equal merit from his studio.

THE HONG KONG HIGH-LEVEL TRAMWAY

THE lower terminus of this tramway is in St. John's Place, Garden Road, and the upper is at Victoria Gap. The total length of the road is 4,690 feet, and the difference of altitude between the two points is 1,207 feet. The ascent and descent are each made in nine minutes, both cars being connected by the same rope, which encircles a revolving drum in the engine-house. The steepest gradient is 1 in 2, there are eleven short bridges which cross mountain-streams and gullies, and the motive power consists of a pair of horizontal engines with multitubular boilers, each of forty (nominal) horse-power. They are contained in a building at the top of the Gap, as shown in our smaller engraving. On the right is the Peak Hotel, and in front the steep and winding road leading to the Peak. The other view is taken a little below the bridge over the Kennedy Road. The line passes under the Aqueduct or Bowen Road. From the Gap there is a splendid view over the harbour, the city of Victoria, and the bright blue sea beyond. The Chairman of the Tramway Company is Mr. A. Findlay Smith, the resident engineer Mr. J. F. Boulton, and the constructor Mr. James Anderson. We condense the foregoing from the *Hong Kong Telegraph*.—Our engravings are from photographs sent by Mr. Kenneth M'K. Ross.

DISEMBARKING THE ROYAL SCOTS AT DURBAN SOUTH AFRICA

DURING the disturbances in Zululand, last July, the Royal Scots stationed at Wynberg, Cape Town, were called upon to assist in the expedition against the natives, and the Union R.M.S. *Spartan* was engaged to convey them from Cape Town to Durban, Natal. The steamer was speedily made ready, and some 600 to 700 men and officers embarked, with two field-guns, the horses, and other military accoutrements, the voyage being accomplished in three days. Disembarkation at Durban used to be a matter of great difficulty, and sometimes danger, but the Harbour Board have constructed several large lighters, and passengers are now conveyed to the port in a comfortable steam tug. As, however, the tug is small, and would hold only a few persons at a time, two lighters had to be used for the troops, and this valuable cargo of warriors had to be carefully let down in lots of four in a large wicker basket. The sketch, which is by Mr. Dennis Edwards, of Cape Town, represents the basket being lowered from the steamer to the hold of the lighter, with four soldiers laughing and joking at the novelty of the position.

INAUGURATION OF A STATUE TO THE SHAH AT TEHERAN

IN October last a statue of Nasr-e-Din, Shah of Persia, by a native sculptor, was inaugurated with much ceremony in a park situated just outside the walls of Teheran, where the annual races are held. The ceremony was attended by the Diplomatic Body, and all the high functionaries of State, and was followed by a lunch sumptuously served in tents. The Shah himself was present at the unveiling, which was hailed by trumpet flourishes and artillery salutes, the Persians saluting as the counterfeit image of their sovereign came into view. The illustrations of the Shah's statue and the racecourse are from photographs by Abdulla Mirza. The remainder are from sketches by Dr. Morel, of Teheran, and represent some figures in the crowd. One shows the Court poet, who, in an emphatic tone, is declaiming verses in honour of his sovereign. He was a picturesque young man, with lively black eyes and thick eyebrows. He wore an ample Cashmere garment, and standing on a Kurdistan carpet, had taken off his shoes as a sign of respect to the subject of his muse. Next we have a very different personage—one of the Shah's runners—of whom there are about a hundred, and who run before the Royal carriage or horse, when the Shah drives or rides. They wear a curious kind of headgear of black velvet fantastically embroidered with silver, and surmounted by imposing plumes. They carry silver sticks, and bear on their breasts a silver tablet, showing that they belong to the Shah's household. Their costume is red, ornamented with silver, white stockings, and black-leather shoes. During the *fête* brass vessels were placed about the grounds of the park, filled with iced sherbet, at which the public could drink freely—each vase being presided over by one of the household retainers, in a brilliant uniform of crimson and silver, and wielding an imposing wand of office.

"BUMPING THE VICAR"

LAST Ascension Day the ancient custom of walking the parish boundaries was observed at Bisley, near Woking, Surrey. After a short and appropriate service, a procession was formed at the church shortly after 9 A.M. The Rev. J. Carter, Rector, wearing cap and gown, and carrying the parish map, was followed by two boys with flags, as well as by the churchwardens, overseers, and about thirty other persons, some being armed with spades for use when required. Several of the party were successively bumped (according to the traditional idea that this would fix the boundary-line in their memories), and some resisted the ordeal so strongly as to return home *minus* several buttons. The Rector came in for his share with the rest, but took matters more philosophically, submitting quietly to being bumped against an old barn-door. In the evening the party sat down to an excellent supper at the Fox Inn; short and lively speeches, interspersed with songs, being made by the Rector and others. Bisley Church is an ancient stone edifice dating from the twelfth century, when it was built by the monks of Chertsey for the convenience of pilgrims visiting St. John the Baptist's Well, which is a few yards from the church. The water of the spring is impregnated with iron, and was much resorted to by sick persons.

A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM-YACHT "VICTORIA," X.—ALGIERS

WHERESOEVER the French migrate *cafés* of all denominations spring up in abundance. Algiers is no exception. Sketch No. 1 represents such a one overlooking the Square Brisson, perhaps the best part of Algiers, filled with military officers discussing with gesticulations and shoulder-shrugs the news of the day. The ring of raised voices, the clatter of cups and saucers, and the rattle of passing vehicles are in direct contrast to the peaceful inactivity of (No. 2) the yard of the Railway Terminus. Presumably it was low-water at the time—no train, incoming or outgoing, due—and peace and quietude reigned around, of which the swarthy outdoor porters had not failed to avail themselves. By and by, when a train composed of green and chocolate carriages and a black engine comes clanking over the turntable into the re-echoing, cavernous station, they will awake, and show themselves as eager for a job as the sharpest of the "hangers-on" who frequent our English railway stations.

A TRIP THROUGH THE VOSGES

FEW people as they dash past this picturesque district on their way to Switzerland or Italy, have any idea what lovely nooks and corners are to be found hidden in the blue and hazy mountains, and what wealth of economical and interesting excursions is contained in the district. Our sketches will give some idea of these. They were taken at and around Howald, Gérardmer, and other places familiar to some British and continental tourists. The first sketch shows a vault in the chapel of the Abbey of St. Ovilia, built in 680, on the St. Ovilienberg. The sketch beneath depicts a passage in the same convent, which is inhabited by nuns, who afford hospitality to visitors. The nuns, who show great kindness to all travellers, even though they are apparently Protestants, may not receive money, but visitors may give a donation to the convent.

In the passage there is a very old carved stone of the time of the foundation of the Abbey; the female figure is probably the first Abbess, and the man a bishop. The Roman Celtic natives of the country were Christians long before the German tribes, who had driven them out of the plains of Alsatia; they built a long wall covering the top of the mountain for miles, which is still known as the Heidenmauer, to keep the heathen invaders back. The Roman origin of the wall is evident by the way the stones are fastened together. A huge rock of peculiar shape, the Wachstein, lies in front of the wall, and is shown in one of the sketches. It appears as if it had been cut by human hands, and from it is obtained a splendid view of the eastern slopes of the Vosges—the plains of Alsace dotted with towns, the Rhine in the distance, and the Black Forest in the background forming a splendid panorama. Two sketches illustrate the ruins of Bernstein, which also overlooks the plain, and is built above Schlettstadt. The omnibus illustrated runs from Münster to Schlucht, and from there to Gérardmer; the small ruin at the bottom of the page is that of the Castle of Ortenberg. The donkeys portrayed belong to Gérardmer, and the remaining sketch shows the *schlitté*, which is used to bring the timber down from the hills into the valleys. The trunks of the trees are cut into pieces the length of the *schlitté* or sledge, and are drawn by the woodmen over a rough timber track. Owing to constant friction this becomes as smooth as glass, and the *schlitté* runs down at a high rate of speed. The man has difficult work to guide it, and it frequently seems as though he would be crushed by his load, for he has to lean against it with all his weight. When he has deposited his load safely below he carries back the *schlitté* on his shoulder for a new cargo.

"THE WORSHIP OF THE SWORD IN JAPAN"

See pp. 577 *et seqq.*

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 581.

AN INDIAN PRINCE AT HOME

THE Maharajah of Darbanga, whose territory lies on the frontier of Bengal and borders the Nepal Terai, is among the premier nobles of British India, and one of the wealthiest and greatest princes of the Indian Empire. The Maharajah is in religion a strict Hindoo, and boasts of an illustrious Hindoo lineage of princely rank from the earliest Mogul times, the first prince having received his "raj" from the great Akbar himself, but bears the character and possesses the acquirements, the tastes, and the "form" of an accomplished English gentleman. Though still young—he came of age in 1879—he is one of the most respected Indian statesmen, while his reputation is no less as a philanthropist, his recorded contributions to public works of utility, to charities, and similar objects of benevolence, amounting at the present time to half a million sterling. Indeed, while his published accounts show an expenditure of £6,000/ on purely Hindoo ceremonies and charities, they also exhibit sums of £17,000/ on free dispensaries for his villages, of £19,000/ on free and aided schools, £20,000/ on public charities, £230,000/ on account of remissions of rent, and £318,000/ on famine relief, drainage, and other public works. In the Jubilee Year the Maharajah was nominated a Knight Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire, and to celebrate the event he distributed £10,000/ in various forms, and remitted to his tenants one-eighth of their rent to enable them to wish long life to the Empress. The Maharajah was the first to make a loyal offer of help to the Government on the occasion of the Penjdeh incident, when a war with Russia was thought probable, and placed £10,000/ at the Viceroy's disposal to form the nucleus of an Indian Patriotic Fund to be applied to the relief of the widows and the children of soldiers killed or wounded in the campaign. The Maharajah, who was presented to the Prince of Wales during his visit to India, not only contributed £50,000 rupees to the Imperial Institute, but wrote a letter to the other Princes of India on the subject. He has also taken part in Lady Dufferin's work by erecting a Hospital for Women. The Maharajah, who speaks English fluently, was selected by Lord Ripon to serve on the Viceroy's Legislative Council, and was reappointed for a second term by Lord Dufferin. The Maharajah's new palace, of which we give illustrations, was completed in 1883 at a cost of £100,000/. It is handsomely furnished in the English style—the

Grand Durbar Hall and the three large drawing-rooms being especially richly decorated. The Maharajah, however, is particularly proud of his library, which is stocked with all standard works, and Mudie has a standing order to send out every month all new works as they appear. The extensive gardens have been well laid out under the superintendence of an English gardener, Mr. Maries, and our illustrations include views of the Deer Park, the Rhinoceros Park, the Bridge, the Temple—all situated within the palace grounds. The temple is of white marble brought from Jaipur. The Maharajah has a stud of about a hundred horses, with some well-bred English teams and pairs, in which he takes much interest. He is reckoned one of the first sportsmen of India; near the Nepal frontier he owns some of the finest tiger haunts imaginable, and last year entertained Lord Dufferin at several grand tiger hunts. The stables, coach-houses, &c., are fitted up in the most approved English style, while an English stud-groom forms a prominent personage in the establishment.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd of Calcutta.

"THE DEVELOPMENT OF RAILWAYS IN ENGLAND."—With reference to our Supplement on this subject, published October 13th, Mr. Robert Stannard, of the Barnstaple and Ilfracombe Railway Works, Braunton, North Devon, writes as follows:—"The scene represented in the woodcut entitled 'Competition of Locomotives at Rainhill, 1829,' is somewhat misleading. The 'Sanspareil,' shown on the off-line in the woodcut, never came out of the yard at all, being unable to get steam up, for some unexplained reason, although on the previous day she had done six miles an hour; she was allowed an extra quarter of an hour, but it was all to no purpose. The 'Novelty,' the engine immediately behind the 'Sanspareil,' broke her steam-pipe and side-rod, and, after spinning about the line for some time, got off the rails and fell over on her side, where she lay till the 'Rocket' had finished her trial, so that practically the 'Rocket' had a walk over. During the trial she drew two trucks of ten tons at fourteen and a-half miles an hour, and then a coachful of passengers at twenty-seven and a-half miles an hour. Mr. M'Dermott adds to his account of the competition the following: 'This same "Rocket," long after it had been superseded by heavier engines, on one occasion ran four miles in four and a-half minutes.' This is a mistake. Mr. M'Dermott evidently has in his mind's eye the case of the 'Northumbrian,' a later engine, which actually did four miles in five minutes. Although but a boy at the time, I was present with my father at the Rainhill competition, and rode on the 'Rocket.'"



POLITICAL.—In the course of Lord Hartington's frank and able speech to his constituents at Haslingden, he made a very weighty and significant statement in regard to Unionist policy, past and present. Replying to Mr. Gladstone's charge of withdrawing from the declaration made by him years ago that he was ready to give to Ireland as large a measure of self-government as might be claimed by England and Scotland, Lord Hartington said that this implied offer was in the nature of an alternative to the demand for Home Rule. The offer was refused by the Irish party with scorn, and its members resolved to extort Home Rule by attempting to make the government of Ireland impossible without it. This having been, and being, the case, Lord Hartington gives it as his deliberate opinion that, to quote his own words, "we shall be well advised in hesitating to extend large new local powers and local liberties to the people of Ireland until we get some guarantee that the authorities that are to be constituted will not simply become legalised branches of the National League, which has exercised so baneful a tyranny in Ireland." Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to one of his innumerable correspondents, characteristically describes this statement of Lord Hartington as one in which "he appears to make the astonishing demand that the Irish people shall abandon all national aspirations before it can be permitted to receive a decent system of local or county government."

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, a Scotch representative Peer, who has been a very active supporter of Conservatism in Scotland, will, it is expected, succeed the late Sir Anthony Musgrave as Governor of Queensland.

SIR CHARLES WARREN'S SUCCESSOR in the Chief Commissionership of Metropolitan Police is Mr. James Monro, C.B., who succeeded Mr. Howard Vincent as Director of Criminal Investigations, and resigned last summer his office of Assistant-Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. Mr. Monro was previously a member of the Bengal Civil Service, and among the posts which he filled in India was that of Inspector-General of Police in Bengal.

"AS YOU WERE," seems pretty much the result of the stiff contest at the election of the new London School Board between the supporters and opponents of the policy of the last Board. It is computed that the "old policy" party will have a majority of nine in the new Board. Among the new members are such extremists as Mrs. Besant, who was returned at the head of the poll in the Tower Hamlets, Mr. Conybeare, M.P. (Finsbury), and Mr. Stewart Headlam (Hackney). The Hon. Lyulph Stanley has been returned by Marylebone, and Sir E. H. Currie by the Tower Hamlets. The Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the old Board, the Rev. J. R. Diggle and Sir R. Temple, are members of the new one.

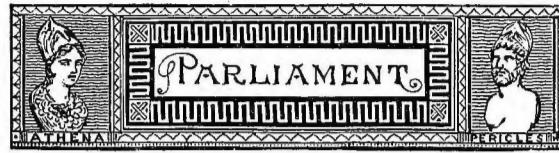
A WARRANT has been issued at Tralee for the arrest of Mr. E. Harrington, M.P., for having taken part in the proceedings of a suppressed branch of the National League, as well as publishing a report of them in his newspaper, the *Kerry Sentinel*, and for having incited persons to join the Plan of Campaign.—The Irish Parnell Indemnity Fund amounts to nearly 20,000.

MANY WELSHMEN of a social grade sufficient to place them on Boards of Guardians and Highway Boards, and to lead them to become candidates for County Councils, are still, it seems, ignorant of English. It was on their behalf that a deputation of Welsh M.P.'s, in an interview with Mr. Ritchie, asked him to procure the execution of an official Welsh translation of the Local Government Bill. He promised a favourable consideration of the novel request.

A DEPUTATION, representing 50,000 members of insurance societies in connection with the London and North-Western Railway Company, urged in an interview with the Home Secretary the retention in the Employers' Liability Bill of the power to contract out of it, so as not to break up these societies, the working of which had been very beneficial to the company's employees. Mr. Matthews explained that he had introduced a clause into the Bill expressly to favour the existence of such societies after the measure had been passed.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND died on Saturday, after a short illness, at Stafford House, so often and kindly allowed by her to be the scene of meetings, concerts, and entertainments for charitable objects. She was the daughter of Mr. John Hay Mackenzie, of Newhall and Cromartie, and was born in 1829. In 1849 she married the then Marquis of Stafford, who became Duke of Sutherland in 1861, and in the same year she was created Countess of Cromartie (among other dignities) in her own right. From 1870 to 1874 she was Mistress of the Robes to the Queen.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, on just completing his eighty-fourth year, of Sir David W. Barclay, ninth baronet, who saw military service in the 99th Foot and as Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Mauritius, of the Legislative Council of which island he was for some years a member; in his seventieth year, of Major Purcell O'Gorman, M.P. for Waterford City 1874-9, who previously, in the 90th Light Infantry, served with some distinction in the Crimean campaigns; at the advanced age of ninety-two, of the Rev. Dr. Okes, since 1850 Provost of King's College, Cambridge (in which town his father had been a surgeon in extensive practice), from 1823 to 1850 successively an assistant-master and lower master at Eton, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge 1851, an editor of the *Musa Etonenses*, a staunch Conservative in politics and in matters academic, though always a supporter of an extension of the range of studies; in his fifty-sixth year, of Mr. William G. Pedder, Secretary of the Correspondence Department of the India Office 1879-87; and of Mr. Stephen Reay, for the last twenty-two years Secretary of the London and North-Western Railway Company.



LOOKING round the House of Commons at seven o'clock on Monday evening, nothing seemed more improbable than that presently the Chamber should be seething with uncontrollable turmoil. The lowest depths of dulness seemed to be reached at last. Mr. Gladstone had gone off to Hawarden, and Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal from attendance at the House of Commons means much more than the disappearance of its most eminent member. His presence means the possibility of a fight, his absence the certainty that active operations have ceased. As long as he regularly put in an appearance at question time, and sacrificed his own (and other people's) dinner in order to take part in a delayed division, members of his own party could not, for very shame, decline to share in the labour of the sitting. They were in their places, and, being there, prolonged debate, cheered on others, and insisted upon taking occasional divisions. With Mr. Gladstone away, less eminent persons felt at liberty to relax their attendance; and so it came to pass that on Monday evening, at the hour named, the benches on both sides were pretty well empty; and Mr. Sheehy, denouncing the Landlord Relief Bill, officially known as the Land Purchase (Ireland) Bill, wasted his eloquence on the desert air.

One new-comer was there, a man, still young, who, by rapid strides, has reached a place in the estimation of the House second only to that of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Balfour was back after enforced absence, coming from a sick bed to resume his nightly battle with the Irish members. It began at the earliest moment, Mr. O'Brien wanting to know when opportunity was to be provided for discussing the Chief Secretary's speech at Glasgow, in which, according to Mr. O'Brien, he had preferred grave charges against hon. gentlemen in their capacity as members of Parliament in connection with the inquest on the body of Mr. Mandeville. Then came Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy with sharp inquiry as to what steps a paternal Government proposed to take in order that Irish members summoned under the Coercion Act might be in their places to take part in the discussion of Irish Estimates. The Chief Secretary, who looked a trifle paler than usual, but otherwise bore no trace of his illness, answered in a more conciliatory tone than he sometimes finds it possible to command when conversing with hon. members opposite.

This incident had passed over; Sir George Campbell had sounded a note of alarm in connection with the employment of British troops at Suakin; Mr. Healy had ascertained that the sum of 280,000/- allotted to the Duke of Abercorn under the Ashbourne Act had been paid out of the first 5,000,000/-, and had no lien on the sum now asked for; and Mr. Smith succeeded after a division in removing the twelve o'clock bar from the extension of debate in Committee on the Land Purchase Bill. The House had got into Committee, Mr. Parnell had moved an amendment, member after member had risen on either side and in half-hearted way "kept the ball rolling." Mr. Sheehy had made his speech, to the purport of which members with one accord were profoundly indifferent, and no one noticed that immediately afterwards he had left the House. Mr. Illingworth spoke next, Sir George Campbell succeeded, Mr. T. W. Russell said a few words, and Mr. Labouchere was on his feet when the languid House, turning towards the door, beheld Mr. Sheehy returning at full speed. Mr. Labouchere having concluded his remarks, Mr. Sheehy rose, and in an excited manner, that made it a little difficult to grasp his meaning, moved to report progress. A police-constable from Ireland, he was understood to say, had had the audacity to attempt to serve a summons on him within the precincts of the House; "and said," Mr. Sheehy continued, almost out of breath at the outrage, "that he did not think it would be out of order for me to take it from him."

As long as Mr. Sheehy talked about the Land Purchase Bill and confided to the House his opinion of the magistracy and the landlords of Ireland he was completely ignored. But suddenly, by the action of a hitherto obscure member of the Irish constabulary, the member for South Galway became an important personage. In him the sacred privileges of the House of Commons had been outraged. Jeremiah Sullivan, R.I.C., had laid a sacrilegious hand on the Ark of the Covenant of the British Constitution, and could expect nothing less than the fate of Uzzah. In a moment the lethargic House had been stirred, and was now wide awake indeed. It was just one of those occasions when Sir William Harcourt thoroughly enjoys himself. Half-an-hour later the right hon. gentleman, with many others, would have been on his way to dinner, and the scene would have lost much of its turbulence. But Mr. Sheehy was favoured by fortune in respect of the precise hour when he went out into the corridor and met Jeremiah Sullivan. Prominent members on duty on either side were still in their places, and there was plenty of raw material for a tremendous uproar.

The story gradually made clear to the House was very simple. A summons had been issued under the Crimes Act in Ireland against Mr. Sheehy and six other members of the House of Commons. Mr. Sheehy was committed to the personal care of Jeremiah Sullivan, an able, active officer who, having a certain duty to perform, went about the quickest way to do it. Knowing that Mr. Sheehy was to be found at the House of Commons, he proceeded thither, asked for him at the nearest point strangers are permitted to approach, and being requested in the ordinary form by the police to send in his card, did so. To Jeremiah, all this seemed a matter of ordinary procedure. He would get face to face with Mr. Sheehy, invite him to step outside the sacred precincts of the House, Mr. Sheehy, ever anxious to oblige, would accept the invitation, the summons would be served, and there would be an end of it. No one has attempted to tell, few could conceive, the consternation of Jeremiah Sullivan, R.I.C., when he discovered what a hornet's nest he had stepped into. For upwards of an hour the storm raged in the House. Then a Committee was appointed to inquire into the case, the sitting was suspended, and members resumed their seats breathlessly at ten o'clock, expecting to hear the dread sentence of the Committee. But the Committee had resolved that so grave a matter must not be hastily dealt with, and accordingly reserved the delivery of their judgment till Thursday. The House, having nothing else to do, therewith quietly resumed discussion of the

Land Purchase Bill at the very point where it had been interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Sheehy fresh from the presence of the petrified Jeremiah.

This has been the principal incident of the week in Parliament, the rest of the time being occupied with drumming away in Committee on the Land Purchase Bill, a stage reached long after midnight on Tuesday. On Wednesday the Report stage was taken, leaving the third reading for Thursday. As for the Employers' Liability Bill and the Wheel and Van Tax Bill, they were on Tuesday postponed till Supply would be completed, and on Wednesday the Wheel Tax Bill was finally abandoned. It is now pretty clear that the energies of the House will, through what remains of the long Session, be concentrated on Supply.



THE WESTMINSTER PLAY this year will be the *Trinumus* of Plautus, and will be performed on December 13th, 17th, and 19th.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA furnishes the subject of an opera now being written in Paris. The great master is the hero of the plot.

A NEW BOULANGIST JOURNAL comes out in Paris on December 2nd, the anniversary of the *Coup d'état*. It will be called *1789*, and will be under the superintendence of M. Laisant, General Boulangier's henchman.

THE ROYAL CAMBRIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS has just closed its sixth annual exhibition at Plas Mawr, Conway, North Wales, after a most successful season. There were 8,000 visitors, exclusive of season-ticket holders, and the sales amounted to £7,152.

THE CHINESE seem at last beginning to appreciate the railway which they once so fiercely opposed. The country people find that they can send their vegetables to Tientsin, while live fish are shipped up from Taku in tanks, so that the upper classes despatch their servants with pails of water to meet the train and bring back the fish alive.

THE ABNORMAL MILD WEATHER OF THE PAST WEEK has had a brightening effect upon many flower gardens. In one garden at Bromley, Kent, with an exposed aspect, the following flowers were in bloom on Sunday: roses, sweet peas, mignonette, cornflowers, wall-flowers, primroses, polyanthus, annual chrysanthemums, and everlasting flowers, while a mountain ash was putting forth its leaves in early spring.

THE INTENDED WATERLOO MONUMENT IN BRUSSELS to be erected in memory of the English dead progresses very favourably. The Belgian Committee have now closed the fund, and Count Lalaing, who will execute the memorial, says that the money collected will be ample. Altogether contributions came from 406 British residents in Belgium, and 1,254 subscribers in Great Britain, while the British Government gave 500/. A working Committee has been formed to arrange the details, under Lord Vivian, British Minister at Brussels.

THE WORKS OF THE COMING PARIS EXHIBITION progress so satisfactorily that the head officials declare confidently that every French department will be ready, and absolutely complete, by the opening day, May 5th, 1889. The ordinary admission-fees will be one franc during the day and two francs in the evening, except on Sunday, when only one franc will be charged. Season-tickets will cost 100 francs (4/-) for the ordinary public, and 26 francs for members of the various committees. Meanwhile, the various designs for the diplomas and medals are being exhibited at the Paris Hôtel de Ville. There are 150 sketches, mostly poor, and showing no great originality. The Eiffel Tower appears in many of the designs, and visitors are highly amused at one sketch representing a crowd of inventive geniuses, the centre figure being a man in Roman costume with a little locomotive tucked under his arm.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN which occurs on New Year's Day opens the year in most interesting fashion for American astronomers. It is very rare for an eclipse to take place on that date, and no similar case will happen again before 2121, while the last one was in 1682. The eclipse will be total only in the North Pacific Ocean and the Pacific States. The duration of totality will be 2 min. 3 sec.—a minute shorter than usual in such phenomena. As the American Congress refused any funds towards official observations, the work will have to be done by private enterprise, but numerous parties are arranging stations and making their plans. Some will photograph, others sketch, others write their impressions of the eclipse, while others again will search for the planet Vulcan, which is supposed to exist between the sun and Mercury. The Lick Observatory sends several parties, Cambridge follows suit, and many foreign astronomers are coming over for the occasion. It is to be hoped that they will achieve better results than during the eclipse of August, 1887. Unfortunately, the event occurs during the rainy season on the Pacific coast, so that the chances of a clear sky are small.

MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN suffered much from the zealous reporter, both before and after their marriage. The newspaper men hunted them down even to the vessel in which they sailed for England, trying to supplement the minute details which they had gleaned since Mr. Chamberlain arrived. No sooner had he landed, than the *New York Herald* announced "that the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain was blessed with the prettiest day of the autumn to renew his devotions to the bride-elect," and described his English breakfast of tea, bread and jam, and a soft egg or two. Then the happy pair went out "under smiling skies" to pay visits, after the American fashion of engaged lovers, Mr. Chamberlain "being got up in his Sunday best for the promenade." His new gloves, shining silk hat, smoothly-fitting frock-coat, and thick cane with silver knob were all duly chronicled. The journal noted triumphantly that he was so eager to join his fiancée that he forgot the inevitable orchid. Even the fact that the lovers were breathless on climbing up hill is not forgotten, nor that their heads rested close together in enthusiasm over the scenery. The new Mrs. Chamberlain is always exquisitely but plainly dressed, never wearing a low bodice. She has the reputation of having gone through three Washington winters with fewer gowns than any lady of her acquaintance, yet looking quite as well. At the wedding breakfast there were two cakes—a pound-cake for the bride, and a fruit-cake for the groom.

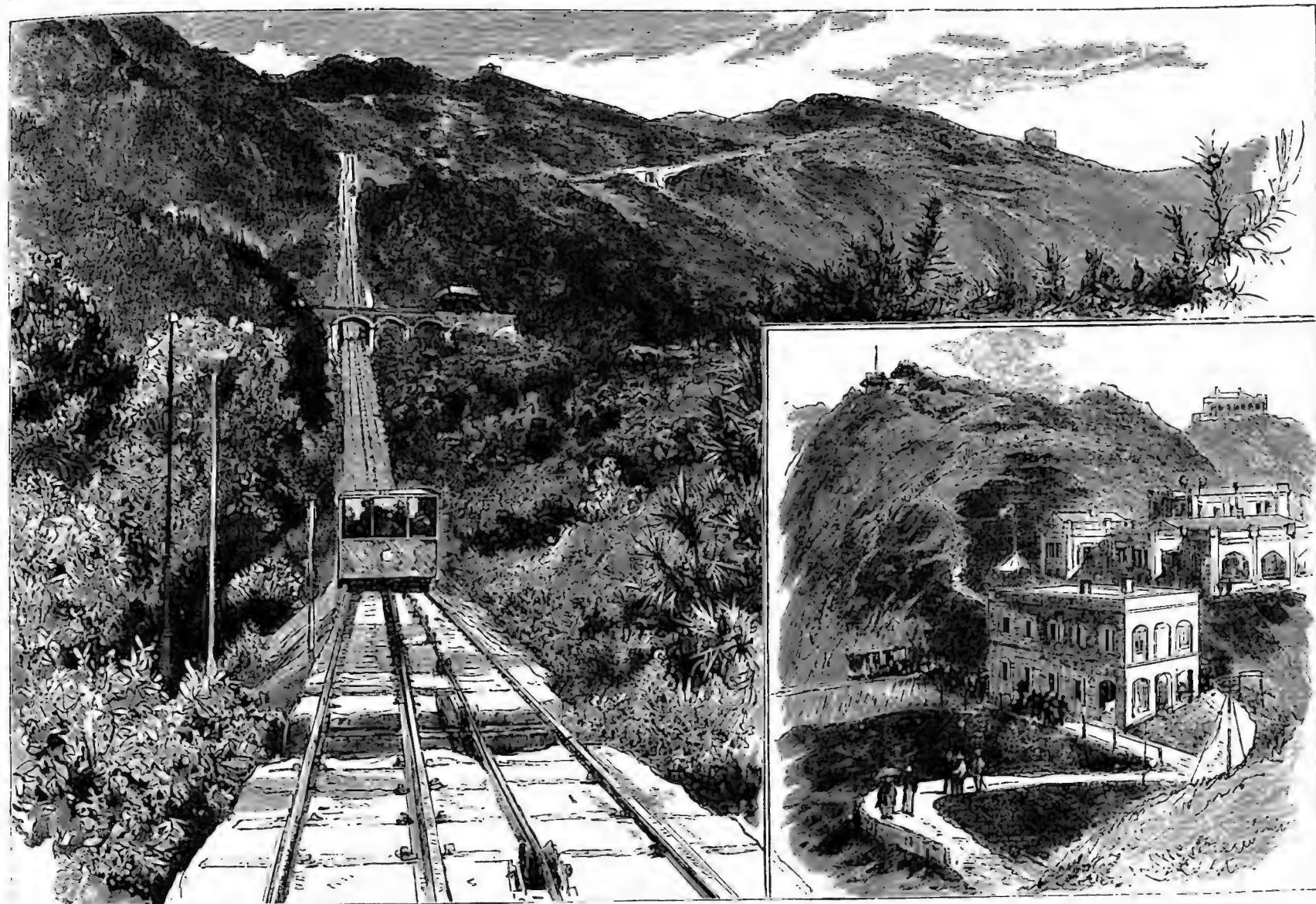
LONDON MORTALITY declined last week, and 1,409 deaths were registered against 1,619 during the previous seven days, a fall of 210, being 370 below the average, and at the rate of 172 per 1,000. There were 133 from measles (a decrease of 11), 20 from scarlet fever (a decline of 11), 41 from diphtheria (a fall of 3), 19 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 2), 1 from typhus fever, 15 from enteric fever (same as last week), 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 18 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 2), and not one from small-pox or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 287, a fall of 87, and were 198 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 43 deaths; 36 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 11 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, and 14 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,772 births registered, against 2,606 during the previous seven days, being 12 above the average.



H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES

FROM A NEW PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE PRINCESS ON HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S BIRTHDAY

Executed in Pastel by Henry Van der Weyde



GENERAL VIEW OF THE LINE TAKEN FROM A LITTLE BELOW THE BRIDGE OVER
THE KENNEDY ROAD

VICTORIA GAP, THE UPPER TERMINUS OF THE TRAMWAY,
SHOWING THE ENGINE-HOUSE

NEW HIGH LEVEL TRAMWAY AT HONG KONG



THE RECENT DISTURBANCES IN ZULULAND
ROYAL SCOTS DISEMBARKING AT DURBAN, NATAL



FRANCE has been in a feverish state of agitation this week. First, it had been confidently stated that M. Floquet and his colleagues had been organising a *coup d'état*, by which General Boulanger and his following, together with the prominent leaders of the Ultra-Radical party, were to be arrested and imprisoned as "dangerous to the safety of the State." General Boulanger expressed his belief in this report, and even declared that cells were being prepared at Melun and Clairvaux for the accommodation of the illustrious prisoners. As, however, the plot had been disclosed, it would of course be abandoned. The General has had another little demonstration of his own this week, having made one of his characteristic speeches at a dinner given to him on Sunday by the Patriotic League. There had been a meeting of the League previously, at which M. Déroulède had highly extolled the General, and had laid great stress upon the fact that the League did not want war, but national defence—"Neither Prussian eagles nor Parliamentary vermin! Down with the Parliamentary Republic! Long live the National Republic!" This text was duly enlarged upon by General Boulanger in his speech. He protested against the idea that he entertained aggressive intentions—though, to be safe in the present age, France must be strong. "For my own part, I, who am more of a patriot than a soldier, ardently desire the maintenance of peace." The General then went in strongly for the "Parliamentary Vermin," attacking poor M. Jules Ferry in the most scurrilous manner, declaring that "the people in their serene justice have long ago branded him as the real offender, and have nailed him to the pillory." The Boulangerists, on Saturday, tried to get up a little Parliamentary sensation, and curry favour with the Radicals by bringing forward through M. Laisant a motion that the remains of the Deputy Baudin, who was shot on a barricade in 1851, should be transferred to the Panthéon. This brought up M. Floquet in great wrath, who remarked that such a proposition ill became the allies of Bonapartists, and stated that M. Barodet had already proposed that not only the remains of Baudin, but also those of Carnot, Hoche, and Marceau should be similarly honoured on the next National Fête Day, July 14th. The House at once adopted this suggestion, and General Boulanger and his score of followers walked out of the Chamber in high dudgeon.

Whether the date mentioned—when the Exhibition will be in full swing and Paris crowded with foreign visitors—is advisable, is very much open to doubt. M. Laisant had proposed the exact anniversary December 2nd, which would have been far more appropriate, and as it is the Paris Radicals, headed by the Municipal Council, are going to hold a grand demonstration to-morrow (Sunday) over Baudin's tomb. Next to General Boulanger M. Wilson has been the chief personage of the week. It having been asserted that M. Vieil Picard, the financier, intended to prosecute M. Wilson for stating that he had bought his decoration for 800*l.*, ex-President Grévy's son-in-law determined to present himself in the Chamber, which he had not entered since his trial. His appearance caused general consternation, no one would sit near him, and on the motion of a Radical Deputy the House adjourned for half an hour to mark its disapprobation of his conduct. M. Wilson, however, as calm and cool as though the matter in no wise concerned him, was in his place when the Chamber reassembled, and attended the meeting the next day. He is promising all sorts of further revelations, while M. Numa Gilly is equally zealous in revealing alleged misdeeds on the part of prominent politicians. M. Gilly declines to fight any duels, but is threatened with a whole wasp's nest full of law suits. To return to General Boulanger, his proceedings have never been approved by his wife, and that lady is now bringing an action for divorce, so that other than political scandals are now being discussed by the gossip-mongers of the boulevards.

The apparent disorganisation of French political circles, and the general apprehension that this is a prelude to yet another constitutional revolution, is naturally exciting much attention in Europe, and nowhere more so than in GERMANY, where the comments upon Gallic politicians and their ways are not flattering, and may be summed up in a recent statement of the *North German Gazette*, that the French "seem simply *non compos mentis*, and capable of acts of the most unreasonable character." Germany, however, has plenty of matters of her own to think over just now, the chief topics being the important additions to the navy, which have been announced as absolutely necessary, and the inevitable East African Question. Both the Emin Pasha Relief Committee and the East African Company have held meetings, and announced their firm intention to hold to their colours and continue their respective enterprises in the teeth of all difficulties. Lieutenant Wissmann is accordingly busily completing his preparations. He has, however, mortally offended the East African Company by declaring that he will make his start, not from the German Protectorate, but from the more northern territory under British influence, probably from Vitu, as being outside the sphere of the present disturbances. As for the East African Company, while announcing its resolve to assert in every respect the Treaty rights of the Society on the African Coast, it is exerting itself to the utmost to induce the Government to officially take up its cause, and to obtain a Government loan for constructing stone forts, and procuring native troops for action against the natives. In conjunction with this the *National Zeitung* puts forward the significant suggestion that the German Government should take over from the Company its political and Sovereign functions, and place the territory under an Imperial Commission, as at the Cameroons. This, many people think, is not unlikely to be the final solution of the whole problem.

At ZANZIBAR and throughout the coast all is at present quiet. The Sultan has been seriously ill, and the proclamation of the blockade has consequently been delayed. All is being made ready, however, and it is announced that the German squadron will consist of six vessels, with 54 guns and 1,333 men, viz., the frigate *Leipsic*, 12 guns and 430 men, the corvette *Carola*, 12 guns and 267 men, the corvette *Sophie*, 12 guns and 267 men, the corvette *Möwe*, 5 guns and 128 men, the cruiser *Schwalbe*, 8 guns and 114 men, and the despatch-boat *Pfeil*, 5 guns and 127 men. Turkey has been asked to join the blockade, but has not yet replied. In our settlement at Mombassa all appears to be well, and Mr. Mackenzie has completed the purchase for 3,500*l.* of the 1,400 runaway slaves found in the Mission stations, in accordance with his promise, and has thereby greatly conciliated the local Arab feeling.

In EASTERN EUROPE, King Milan of SERVIA is greatly disappointed at the result of the elections to the Great Skupstchina, where the Radicals have a decided majority, and consequently will not accept the new Constitution which he has had so carefully prepared by the Revising Commission.—In ROUMANIA there has been a Ministerial crisis, a coalition Cabinet having been formed under M. Rosetti.—In RUSSIA the recent railway accident to the Czar and Czarina continues to be the chief topic, and the Czar is said to be prospecting reforms in official circles, and no longer intends to appoint general officers to the control of Civil State departments, but will give such posts to more practical men whose careers have fitted them for the work to be undertaken. The Czar and Czarina are stated to have been very severely shaken by the accident, and to

be suffering from the malady known as "Railway Spine." The Ukase authorising the new loan was issued on Tuesday. It provides for the issue of Four per Cent. Bonds, for the repurchase of the bonds still in circulation of the Five per Cent. Loan of 1877, and also for other redemptive purposes. The bonds will be exempt from all Russian taxes, and will be redeemable in eighty-one years.

In EGYPT, matters at Suakin have now come to a crisis, and British troops are to be sent there to aid the Egyptian forces under General Grenfell to drive the rebels from their position, whence they are still firing briskly upon the forts, and seriously threaten to "rush" the town. The rebels are stated to be well organised and armed, and to be led with much skill and intelligence. The troops will be the King's Own Scottish Borderers and a hundred men of the Mounted Infantry. As a portion of the Welsh regiment has gone to Assouan to the assistance of the Egyptian troops there our army of occupation at Cairo has become materially reduced.

In INDIA, the Government have now given orders for breaking up the Sikkim Field Force, thus intimating that the Tibetan campaign is at an end. Gnatong and Gantok, however, will be garrisoned until "peace is settled on a stable basis." It is believed that the definitive negotiations will shortly be opened, as the Chinese Envoy is stated to have left Lhassa on November 19th, and was expected to reach Gnatong during the first few days of December.—The steamer *Vairarna*, with 700 passengers, is missing, and it is feared that she was sunk during the recent cyclone.—An association of landowners of Oude has been organised for the preservation of the country from the perils with which it is asserted India is threatened by the designs of the Native Congress. The members, who are both Hindoos and Mahomedans, and are presided over by the Maharajah of Benares, propose to send a memorial to the Government urging that measures should be adopted for the suppression of the seditious agitation, which is being fostered by the publishing and circulating of inflammatory addresses among the masses. The Viceroy was expected at Calcutta on Thursday, and would attend the St. Andrew's dinner yesterday (Friday), where it was believed he would deliver an exhaustive review of his Indian administration.

In the UNITED STATES there has been a terrible storm throughout the Northern Atlantic seaboard. Railway and telegraphic communications have been interrupted by the snow, and numerous wrecks reported, with severe loss of life.—Lord Sackville and his family and Mr. Chamberlain and his family have left for England.—Commodore Price, the father of the Duchess of Marlborough, died on Saturday.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—M. Hertenstein, President of the Swiss Confederation, died on Monday from the effects of a surgical operation. His funeral was to take place at Berne yesterday (Friday) with much military pomp.—In HUNGARY much excitement has prevailed in Protestant circles owing to the Convention of the Reformed Churches having prescribed celibacy upon the lower clergy, though from economical and not religious reasons, as so many of the poorer priests have got into monetary difficulties.—In SPAIN there has been an attack on a Bible Society's agent at Biscay, and a bonfire made of his Bibles and tracts, at the instigation of a Jesuit Father.—In SOUTH AFRICA the trial of the Zulu chiefs continues, and one, Somhloli, has been found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. The evidence against Somkeli, another chieftain, shows the Dinizulu had given orders to stab all who did not know the pass-word—an order faithfully carried out.



THE Queen held a reception at Windsor at the end of last week to accept some additional Jubilee presents. Her Majesty received the offering, from the Royal Navy and Marines, of models of the *Britannia* and *Victoria*, respective types of British warships at the time of the Queen's Accession and her Jubilee, together with the drawings of the models. Next came a Maltese lace dress, and an address from the Maltese ladies; and finally a model of the new hospital trawler, *Queen Victoria*, from the Mission to deep-sea fishermen. The Duke of Cambridge also presented Her Majesty with a bust of himself. The Duchess of Teck and Princess Frederica of Hanover have been among the Royal visitors, while Mr. and Mrs. Goschen stayed from Saturday till Monday at the Castle. On Sunday the Queen, with the Empress Frederick and the rest of the Royal family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Dean of Llandaff preached, and in the afternoon Princess Christian and her daughters came to see the Royal party on their return from Germany. Next morning Her Majesty, the Empress Frederick, and the Princesses witnessed various feats performed by the Queen's Indian equestry, who showed his skill in tent-pegs, cutting lemons, &c. Later Her Majesty received the new Austrian Ambassador and the Chilean and Nicaraguan Ministers to present their credentials, and gave audience to Lord Salisbury. On Tuesday the Queen came up to town for a brief visit to Stafford House to condole with the family of the late Duchess of Sutherland. There will be the usual family gathering at Windsor on the 14th inst., to keep the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice. Shortly afterwards the Court removes to Osborne for Christmas.

The Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria and Prince Albert Victor, returned from Denmark on Saturday. The Royal party travelled direct from Copenhagen, by Hamburg and Cologne, without breaking the journey, and experienced a rough passage from Calais to Dover, the boat being much delayed. After a few hours' rest at Marlborough House, they joined the Prince and the rest of their family at Sandringham, where the Prince and Prince George had been shooting with Lord Fife at Repley, on the Hillington estate. The Prince and Princess and family attended Divine Service next morning at St. Mary Magdalene's, when Canon Dalton preached. Monday was the nineteenth birthday of Princess Maud, youngest child of the Prince and Princess. Fresh visitors are now at Sandringham, to keep the forty-fourth birthday of the Princess of Wales, which will be celebrated to-day (Saturday) with the customary festivities. Next Wednesday the Prince and his sons go to Didlington Hall, for a shooting visit to Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, and the following week the Prince and Princess and family come to town for a few days before visiting the Queen at Windsor.—Prince George is on leave till January.

Princess Christian has recovered from her recent indisposition, and returned home from Germany on Saturday, preceded by her husband and daughters.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have come down to Bombay from Poona for the cool season, to meet their two elder children, Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur, on their arrival from England.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been joined at Malta by Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg.

NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—Mr. Edward L. Lawson will preside at the Jubilee festival of this Institution early in the coming year.



TELEGRAMS, the *Telegraph* says, announce that a new *Rescript* has been despatched from the Vatican to the Irish Episcopate. The document is described as an energetic repetition of the Papal condemnation of the Plan of Campaign and of boycotting.

THE HEARING OF THE COMPLAINT made against the Bishop of Lincoln will probably take place in a few weeks, according to the *Record*, which adds that the Primate has secured the presence of five Bishops of the Southern Province to sit with him, and that the Bishop of Lincoln will conduct his own case. The same journal is "authorised to state" that, owing to the protracted illness of the Bishop of St. Asaph, he has appointed the Bishop of Bangor as his commissary to carry out the work of the Diocese.

THE DEAN OF ROCHESTER has produced a sensation among total abstainers in Kent and elsewhere by boldly avowing his conviction, in a sermon in Rochester Cathedral, that, heinous as is the vice of drunkenness, a moderate drinker is nobler and more manly than a person who, from want of moral strength to control himself, becomes a total abstainer. He deprecated wholesale abuse of licensed victuallers, and would seek a remedy for drunkenness in improving the dwellings and brightening the surroundings of the working classes. He protested against the attempt to transform the Church of England from a temperance into a total abstinence society, believing that to countenance such an enterprise was to seem to disgrace "one of God's good creatures."

THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND, according to the report of the council, amounts this year to 40,379*l.*, being 22*l.* less than that of last year, which, however, was swollen by a legacy of 1,000*l.*, and by the proceeds of a special Jubilee Service at Westminster Abbey. At the head of this year's contributions stands the sum of 1,164*l.* from St. Jude's, Kensington, being the largest ever received from any one congregation. St. Michael's, Chester Square, which in some former years headed the list, is now second on it, with a contribution of 1,002*l.*

THE LATE LADY BRASSEY having been for many years a member of the congregation of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, Lord Brassey has presented for its use, as a memorial of her, a beautiful service of Communion plate.

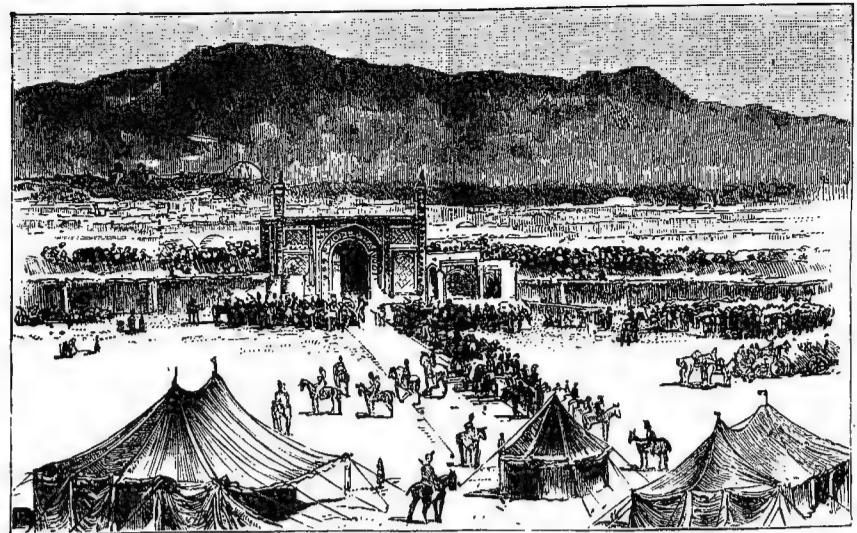
MISCELLANEOUS.—The vacancy in the See of Trinidad has been filled by the election to it of the Rev. James T. Hayes, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Vicar of St. Margaret's, Leicester.—The Rev. J. H. Scott of Weymouth will be the new Rector of Spitalfields.—One of the poorest parishes in the East End is to be provided with a separate additional curate, through the munificence of the congregation of the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court Palace, who have subscribed 130*l.* per annum to secure his appointment.—A movement has been started in Bayswater to erect a Wesleyan Church as memorial of the late Sir William M'Arthur, at a cost of 5,000*l.*—A new church for the Welsh-speaking Presbyterian community in London has been opened in the Charing Cross Road, near its junction with Shaftesbury Avenue.—The Congregational Union of Victoria have adopted a resolution recommending that of the Mother Country to summon to a general Congress in London representatives of Congregationalism in all parts of the world.



BRAHMS' "GIPSY SONGS."—This cycle of eleven songs for vocal quartet, with pianoforte accompaniment, forms the latest published work by the most notable of living German composers. The songs were written during Brahms' holidays in the autumn which is now closing, they were first performed in public at Berlin under Brahms' friend, Dr. Joachim, as recently as October 31st, and last Monday, within less than a month of their first appearance, they were produced at the Popular Concerts. The Hungarian poems by Hugo Conrat, upon which they are based, like Brahms' *Love Song Waltzes*, all deal with the subject of love, and the various phases of the tender passion give the composer plenty of material for variety. Sometimes the singers mourn love lost or love faithless, sometimes they sing of love passionate or love osculatory, for five of the songs deal more or less with the highly interesting question of kissing. In one of the daintiest of the set, in which the true Romany character is shown—not only in the voice parts but in the imitation on the piano of the Hungarian national czimbalom or dulcimer—bachelorhood is playfully derided, and the tenor, followed by the rest of the party, points out that lasses are ever ready to be wooed. When in a serious vein, Brahms adopts a gentler mood, and the change is most effective, but he soon reverts to the more passionate style with which the songs end. Objection may, of course, be taken that the real gipsy element in these charming works is more or less subordinated to the lyrical, and that they lack the rugged wildness of, for example, Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsodies*, which have happily been described as gipsy music glorified. But these details will not be dwelt upon by audiences, who will welcome the newest of Brahms' "Song-Wreaths" for its own sake. The performance on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Misses Lena Little and Fanny Davies, and Mr. Shakespeare, could hardly have been better.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—There have been other interesting items in the last two programmes of the Popular Concerts. On Monday, for example, Lady Hallé and the party played Schubert's magnificent "posthumous" quartet in D minor, and Miss Margaret Wild, a young English lady, who has lately been studying with Madame Schumann, made a successful *début* in no less trying a piece than Chopin's *Scherzo* in B flat minor.—On Saturday too great interest was excited by Dvorák's pianoforte quintet in A, one of the most national and thoroughly characteristic of the chamber works of the Czechish composer. The quintet was produced by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé at their recitals last May, and it distinctly improves on further acquaintance, even the beautiful "Elegy" being now better appreciated than before.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—Some of the North Metropolitan choirs have come out strongly of late. On Thursday, for instance, the Finsbury Choral Association gave, under the composer's direction, the first performance in London of Dr. Bridge's Birmingham Festival cantata *Calirhoe*. Visitors were fairly astonished at the remarkably fine quality of the voices of this choir, and the admirable manner in which they had been trained by Mr. Dale.—Hardly less excellent was the performance on Monday by the Highbury Philharmonic Society of Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*, in which Misses Anna Williams and Mary Willis, Messrs. Lloyd and Bridson took part.—On Wednesday the Royal Choir gave the first performance at the Albert Hall of Mr. F. H. Cowen's oratorio *Ruth*. For some unaccountable reason neither the band, which was unusually rough, nor the magnificent choir directed by Mr. Barnby, did themselves



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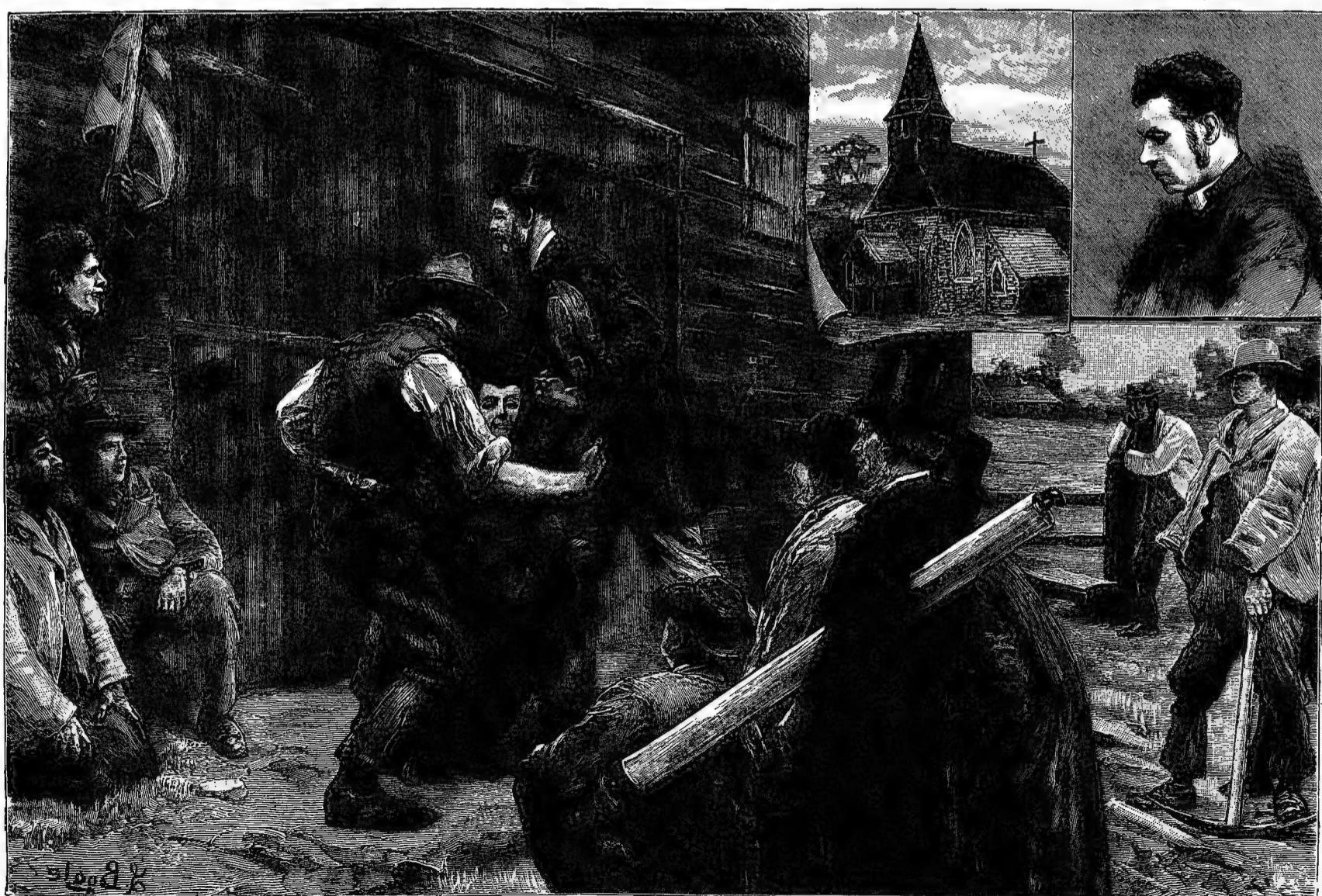


THE COURT POET RECITES VERSES IN HONOUR OF THE SHAH

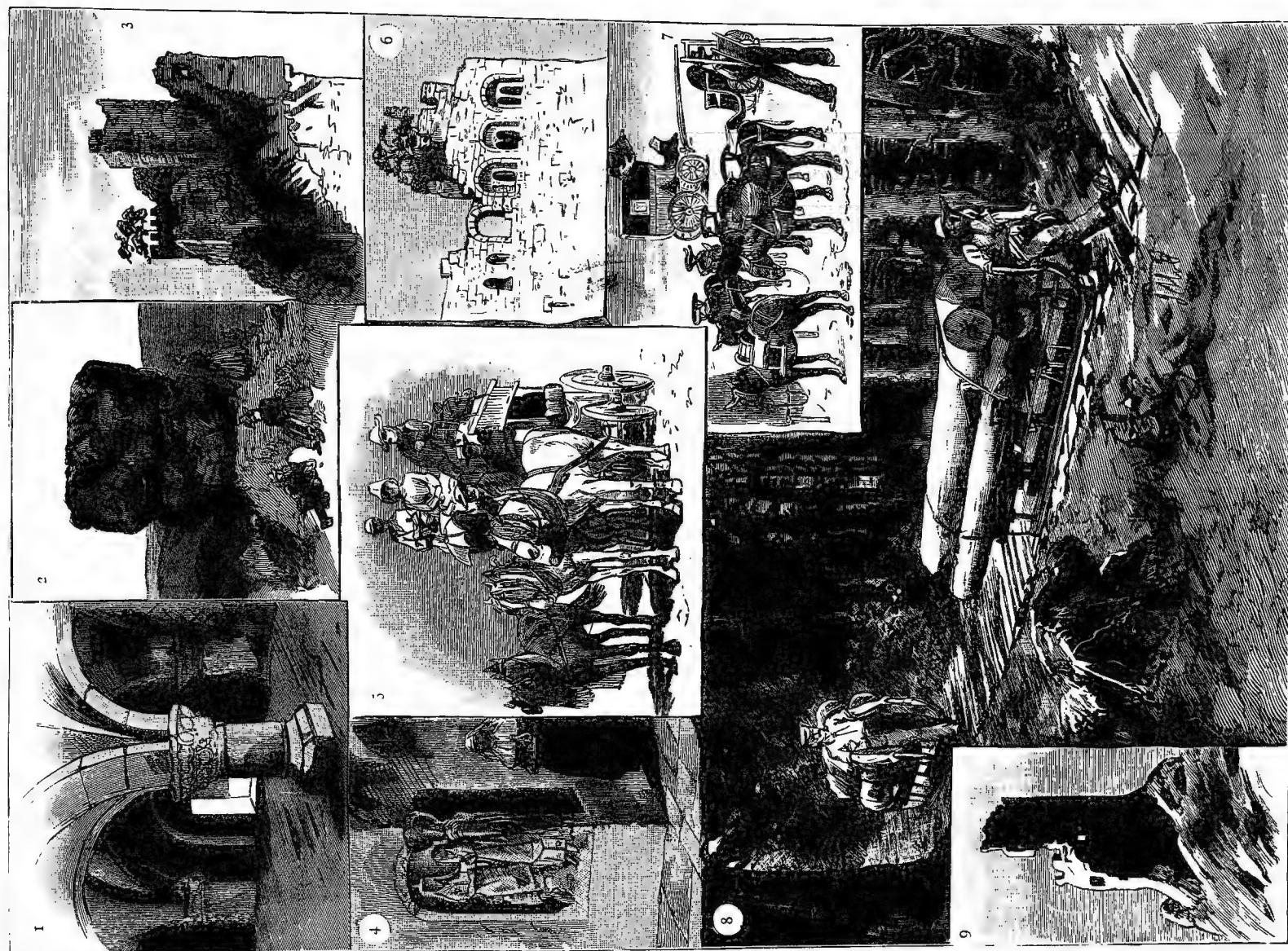
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BISLEY CHURCH

THE REV. J. CATER



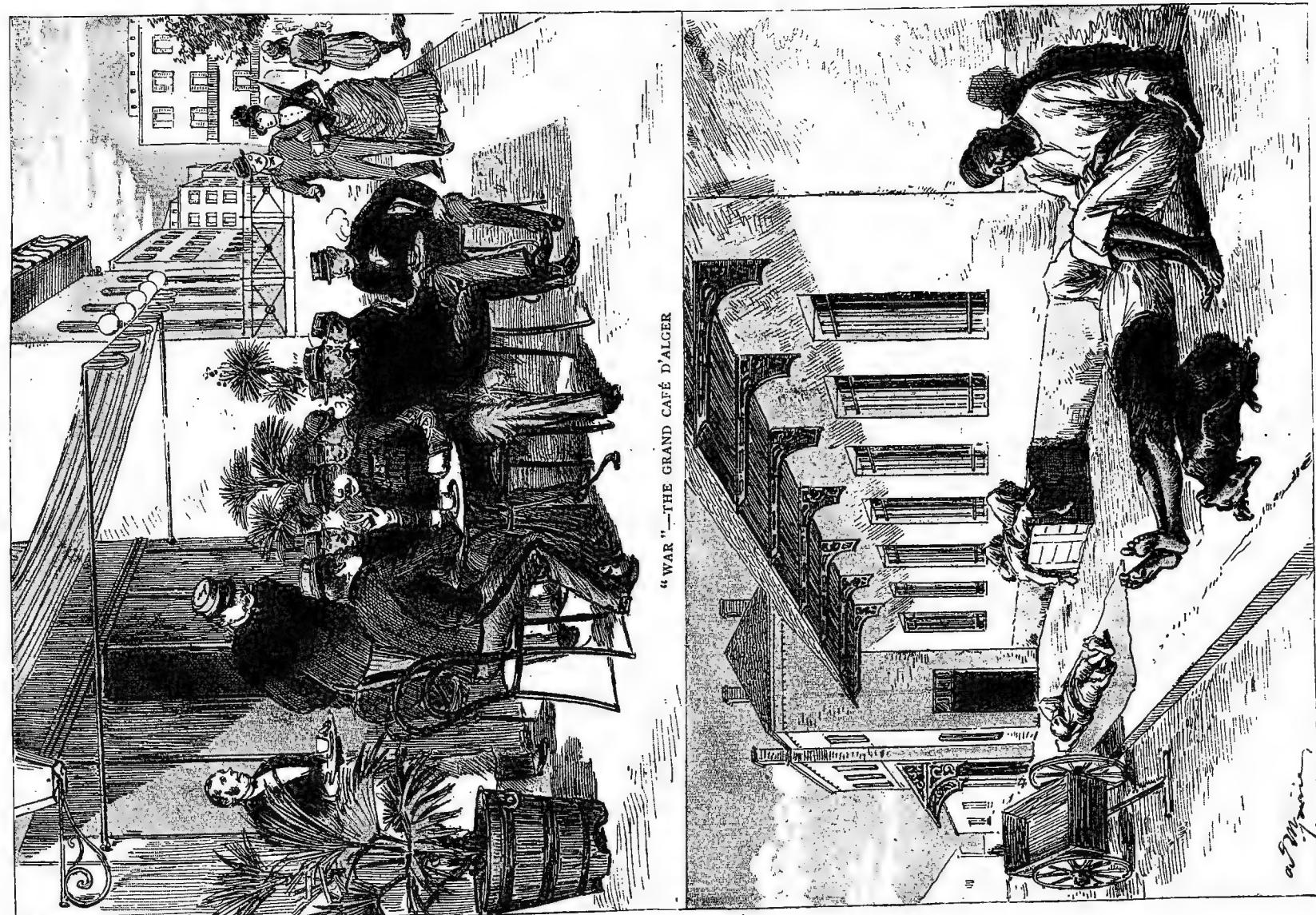
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5. The Omnibus from Münster to Schlucht.
6. Another View of the Castle of Bernstein
7. Donkeys at Gérardmer
8. Taking Timber to the Valley on Sledges
9. The Ruined Castle of Ortenberg

5. Crypt in the Abbey of St. Ovilia
6. The Wachstein, part of the old Roman Wall built to keep
back the German Invaders
7. The Ruined Castle of Bernstein
8. A Passage in the Abbey of St. Ovilia, with sculptured
figures, probably of the first Abbes; and Bishop
9. The Ruined Castle of Ortenberg

A HOLIDAY IN THE VOSGES, NORTH EASTERN FRANCE



"WAR"—THE GRAND CAFÉ D'ALGER

A PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT
"VICTORIA," X.—ALGIERS

FROM SKETCHES BY MR. A. M. HORWOOD

MISCELLANEOUS.—An osprey was shot at Christchurch, Hampshire, on 10th November. It was a male, and its wings when outspread were sixty-six inches across.—A rough-legged buzzard was shot at Murcott, Oxfordshire, on 13th November. It measured fifty-two inches from tip of wings. Another bird of the same species was shot a few days afterwards near Boston, Lincoln.—A beautiful specimen of the purple heron has recently been captured near Newhaven, in Sussex.—A swallow was seen at Sandringham on 19th November.—Sales of British corn at the principal markets are now lower than usual in November. Of oats the deliveries are especially small, and the demand on the farm, therefore, may be judged to be large.



ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

MANY of the most able of its younger members having, together with its late President, Mr. Whistler, seceded from this Society, the present exhibition in Suffolk Street is necessarily greatly inferior to its recent predecessors. The absence of the most fantastic Impressionists is perhaps not to be regretted, but we can find very few things in the collection nearly so good as the pictures that have lately appeared here by Mr. Arthur Hill, Mr. Jacob Hood, Mr. Sidney Starr, Mr. J. J. Shannon, and Mr. Aubrey Hunt. Although his name no longer appears in the list of members, Mr. Alfred East sends one of the most effective and at the same time one of the most truthful landscapes in the Gallery, representing "A Cornish Harvest Field" under a stormy sky, by twilight. Near it hangs a very animated little Venetian scene, "Fish Market," by Mr. W. H. Pike, quite as true in local colour and as artistic in treatment as his picture at the Institute. Mr. Dudley Hardy's small picture of "French Peasants at a Fair" also conveys a strong impression of its fidelity to fact. The figures are distinctly characteristic, naturally grouped, and life-like. Mr. G. Sherwood Hunter shows a keen perception of character in his "Ave Maria : in the House of a Zuyder Zee Fisherman." The textures are too uniform, and the execution rather harsh, but the picture has fine qualities of colour, and is refreshingly original in style. In no way does it recall the work of any other painter. Mr. T. B. Kennington has an excellent little cottage interior "Shelling Peas," more brilliant in colour, and at the same time more harmonious than anything we have seen by him. In Mr. L. C. Henley's small and highly-finished "R.S.V.P." the thoughtful lady seated at a writing-desk is distinguished by refined beauty and natural grace of movement.

Very few of the figure pictures on a large scale have much claim to consideration. M. Hubert de Vos's study of "A Chelsea Pensioner" is a strong piece of work; and his full length of "My Friend M. de Romen" is a good rendering of individual character, broad and simple in style, but lurid in colour and vaporous in effect. There is a good deal of clever still-life painting in Mr. H. G. Glin-doni's "Confiscated," but he has not succeeded in infusing vitality into the figures. Their faces are without expression, and their gestures without significance. The technical qualities of the work are not of a kind to compensate for its want of human interest. The same remarks apply with almost equal force to Mr. R. Hillingsford's large picture of "Cromwell's Troopers in Lincoln Minster."

Mr. Leslie Thompson's view "On the Anglesea Coast" has harmony of composition, as well as beauty and truth of colour. The sea-coast scene by Mr. Edwin Ellis, "Summer Morning," is painted with his accustomed strength and firmness, but being on an unnecessarily large scale conveys a sense of scenic emptiness. Mr. J. S. Hill's "Near Yarmouth" is agreeable to contemplate, by reason of its sober harmony of tone, and the feeling of pastoral repose that pervades it. A well-studied picture of a wide river under a stormy sky, by Mr. R. W. A. Rouse; a broadly painted and luminous sea-coast scene, with many figures in the foreground, by Miss Lilian Etherington; and a bright little study, "Early Morn," by Mr. J. M. Bromley, will repay examination.

The last-named artist also sends several truthful and very skilfully-executed water-colour landscapes. "Valley Meadows" is especially noteworthy among them for its careful rendering of detail, its vernal freshness of colour, and general good keeping. Among the best of the other water-colours are Mr. Charles Thorne's richly-toned "Pier at Walberswick"; a strongly-painted and characteristic study of "A Nazarene Mother," by Mr. J. Clark; a very clever sea-coast sketch by Nancy Knaggs, and several views in Venice by E. Benuzzi. Sir Frederick Leighton sends a black and white study for his "Daphne and the Nymphs"; and a very refined and delicately-painted portrait in oil of a fair lady seen in profile. The works by other honorary members of the Society include a study by Mr. Watts for his picture of the youthful "Ganymede"; a romantic landscape—not apparently of recent date—by Sir John Gilbert; and an excellent chalk portrait of "The Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P.," by Mr. George Richmond.

ST. JAMES'S GALLERY

IN the Black and White Exhibition just opened at Mr. Mendoza's small gallery in King Street, the most attractive work, and the best, is a chalk drawing of a female head by Mr. Alma-Tadema. The face, which is seen in profile, is distinguished by refined beauty, and all its delicate modulations of form are rendered with masterly skill and completeness.—Art of a very different kind, but admirable in its way, is to be seen in a large Rembrandt-like interior in charcoal by a Dutch artist, J. De Haan, whose work we do not remember to have seen before. The three men seated at a table are true types of character, and the drawing is remarkable besides for its strength and simplicity of style, its depth of tone, and general good keeping.—Mr. James Webb sends a monochrome oil picture of fishing boats, "Off the Coast of Holland," painted with great firmness and dexterity; and Mr. C. J. Lewis a large and effective charcoal drawing of "A Berkshire Lane" by twilight.—A life-sized crayon drawing of a little gipsy girl, "A Waif," by Mrs. M. H. Earnshaw, especially deserves notice for its truth of character and sound modelling of form.—Among the best of the very small works are an excellent chalk drawing of a graceful lady, "Ready for the Ball," by Mr. Arthur Hopkins; two carefully-wrought heads of French peasant girls by Mr. James Hayllar; a study for his picture "Romola" by Mr. Blain Leighton; and a well-executed original etching of "Sonning-on-Thames" by Mr. Clough Bromley.

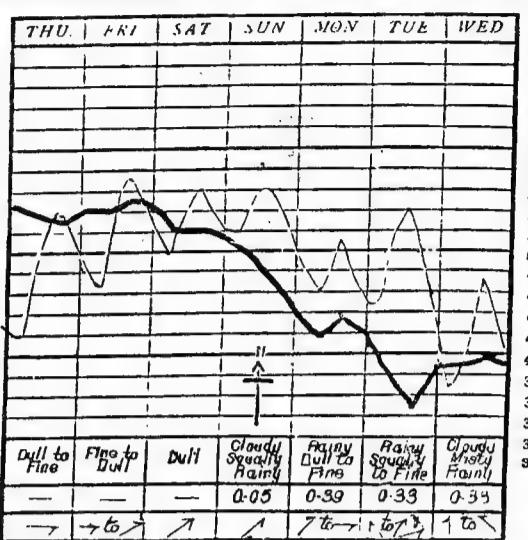
DRAWINGS BY COTMAN

THE exhibition of John Sell Cotman's water colour drawings and studies at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, in Savile Row, cannot fail to raise him greatly in the estimation of those who "know what art is." The oil pictures by him that have appeared in London within the last few years give a very inadequate idea of his range and power. It is now seen that he was richly endowed with artistic instinct, and that at a very early period of his life he had acquired a considerable amount of technical facility. Although the influence of Girtin is to be seen in several of the drawings produced in the first decade of the present century—in the views of "Byland Abbey" and "Durham Castle" for instance—his own distinct individuality of feeling is evident in all of them. His style in time became stronger, but never degenerated into mannerism. The "Interior of Walsingham Abbey," "Framlingham Castle," and "Bishopsgate Bridge" are fine examples of his mature work. They are excellent in colour and keeping, and remarkable besides for their broad simplicity of treatment, and the economy of means employed in their production. There is not in them a superfluous line, or a touch without a purpose. There is not very much elaboration of detail in any of his works, but in almost every drawing in the room, the relative value of the different elements of the subject is so well observed that a satisfactory sense of completeness is conveyed. The collection shows that Cotman was an artist of wide range as well as accomplished skill. He was a learned archaeologist and an admirable architectural draughtsman; he had an intimate knowledge of the sea in her various moods, and his pictures of sylvan scenery, moorland, and mountains show careful study, and a most appreciative perception of natural beauty. Some of the drawings produced in the latter years of his life are of an experimental kind, while others are altogether masterly. "Blasting St. Vincent's Rock,

Clifton," and "A Blue Afternoon" are especially noteworthy for their rich harmony of subdued colour, and impressive grandeur of style.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1888.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (1st inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has continued in a thoroughly unsettled condition in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom. Thunder and lightning have occurred both at our extreme North and Southern Stations, while showers of hail or sleet have been reported in the North and North-East towards the close of the time. During the first three days of the period a deep depression moved from the neighbourhood of the Shetland Isles to the North-West Coast of Norway, where, after developing energy during its journey, it became established for a time. Meanwhile, pressure was highest in an anti-cyclone which lay over France. The disturbance just referred to brought South-Westerly to Westerly gales to all parts of the country, but these were severe in the extreme North-West of Ireland only. Very little rain fell in the South and South-East, but rather heavy falls were reported from some of the Scotch and Irish Stations. By Sunday morning (25th ult.) no material change had occurred in the high pressure system, and while the depression in the extreme North had moved Eastwards, a new and deep disturbance had advanced quickly to the North-West of our Islands. This caused the gradients over the Northern portions of the United Kingdom to become deeper for South-Westerly gales, and, in the course of the day these spread over nearly the whole of Great Britain, accompanied by equally rainy weather generally. As this depression moved away to the North-Eastwards, the wind lulled considerably, and drew slightly more to the Westward, but no change worthy of mention was observed in the weather. Towards the end of the week another disturbance had advanced to the Southward of Ireland, and passed across the country in a North-Easterly direction, and was followed on the last day of the period by yet another, which was found off the West of Ireland. The weather, therefore, remained in a very disturbed condition generally, and while hail or sleet showers were reported in the North-West and North, heavy rain fell over the South of Ireland. At the close of the week no material improvement seemed likely. Temperature taken as a whole was decidedly above the average, but at the end of the period a distinct decrease was observed generally, and night frosts were reported from several places.

The barometer was highest (30°26 inches) on Friday (23rd ult.); lowest 29°26 inches on Tuesday (27th ult.); range 1°00 inch.

The temperature was highest (57°) on Friday (23rd ult.); lowest (37°) on Wednesday (28th ult.); range 20°.

Rain fell on four days. The total fall 1°10 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0°39 inch on Monday (26th ult.).

A RAILWAY TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS of the ancients is being constructed at Naples. The new Cumae line actually runs over the extinct volcanic region where had been localised the Avernus of Homer and Virgil, Acheron and the Styx, and the entrance to Hades.

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Half Dozen Bleached Huck Towels.
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Half Dozen Tea Towels.
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One Pair Fine Bleached Linen Sheets, 2½ by 3½ yards.
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Half Dozen Bleached Huck Towels.
Three Roller Towels, 16 inches wide, 19 inches long.
Half Dozen Glass Towels.
Half Dozen Chick Linen Dusters.
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One Pair Fine Bleached Linen Sheets, 2½ by 3½ yards.
Half Dozen Fine Bleached Huck Towels.
Half Dozen Glass Towels.
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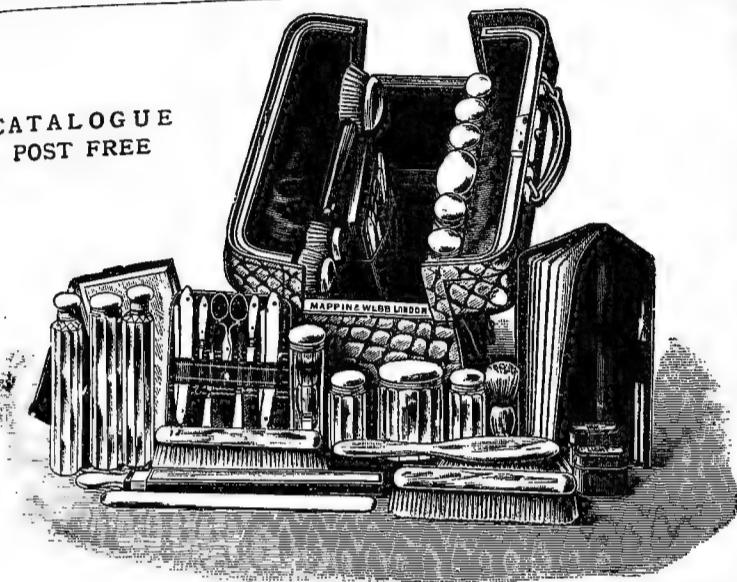
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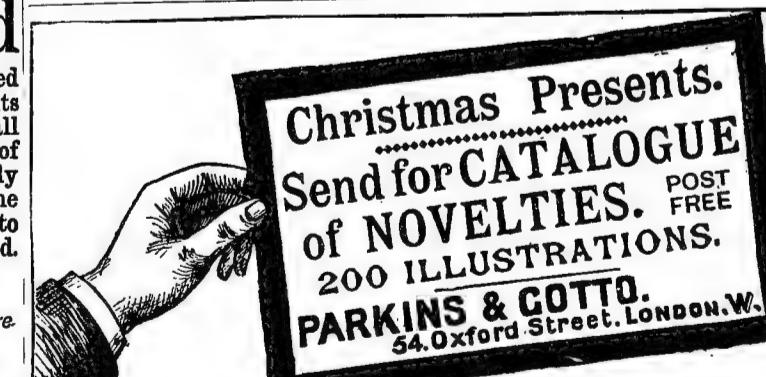
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THE WORSHIP OF THE SWORD IN JAPAN

BY C. W. COLE, R.N.

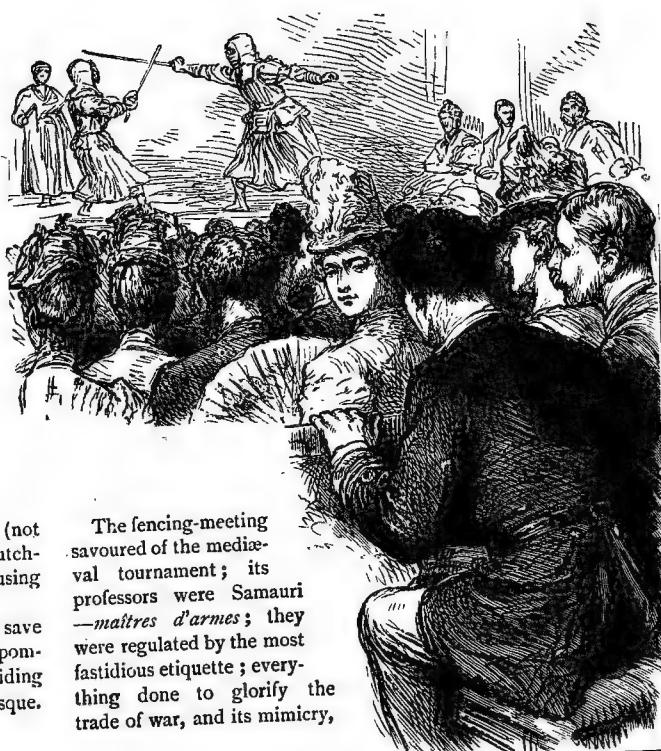


JAPAN, how simple it appears to be, how much in the grasp of the new

d'ensants." Their gallant little policemen still generally carry the old sword—long-hilted, with an added guard—and these much-obeyed men, whose social position is on a par with that of the general run of officers of the new army, brings us to the subject of fencing. When Saigo, with the bellicose Satsuma clan, rebelled not many years ago, the fire-armed forces of the Mikado were frequently foiled at fords, in glens, woods, and passes, and the police had to go to the front and fight it out (which means "fence" it out) at close quarters in the good old noisy fashion, and they succeeded, the rebels dying hard on their own land. Perhaps the most respectable exhibitions of fencing now held are by bodies of the police force, to which foreign officers are formally invited.

The Samauri, by many deemed, as a class, the romantic curse of Old Japan (a great power, certainly, and we hope of good service in its time), had, by law, but a restricted life—they must choose either arms or letters. Arms first, and fencing first in arms. Their martial education comprised, besides, wrestling (not such as is practised in their professional ring, but by clutching first the throat to disable their opponent), riding, using the spear and the bow.

The Samauri's dignity was a delicate thing; games save as war exercises were not permitted, slow movements and pompous sloth were cultivated with the natural results, his riding was probably but a poor affair, and to Europeans grotesque. I have never seen a Japanese at home on a horse.



The fencing-meeting savoured of the mediæval tournament; its professors were Samauri—maîtres d'armes; they were regulated by the most fastidious etiquette; everything done to glorify the trade of war, and its mimicry,

THE AUDIENCE



A SHRILL HERALD

comer; indeed, if it were not Japan, how monotonous one thinks it would soon become—the ever present paddy-fields, the low fragile buildings, indifferent to earthquake or fire, the little hamlets lost to view with the setting sun, the secluded temples, the almost songless woods—no wonder the poor believe that birds develop from fishes, they are nearly as silent—the invariable black hair and eyes of the human beings, the almost invariable shining teeth, the blue-grey garb—which, probably from the importation of Japanese dolls, seems so strangely familiar, and just what we expected—the clang of the wooden shoon, the disagreeably affected theatrical utterance, the one musical instrument, the undeservedly unrivalled *samisen*. Afloat, the sampan and the junk, on shore the jinricksha and the kango, the latter happily rare—how could the ingenious inventors on the staff of the Inquisition fail to evolve it?—the orange paper lamp, the incessant laughter, and, last of all, the singing—yet with a glamour over all!

Such is Japan!

How simple indeed it all appears, and yet to arrive at conclusions how baffling! Japan is not all contained in a nutshell.

How refreshingly frank, too, the smiling Japper apparently is, yet—Asiatic like—something is ever held back, his gleaming even teeth can keep guard on his tongue—nay, at times—shall we write it?—he is undoubtedly misleading, and intentionally so.

If there be one thing certain, it is, up to a very recent date, the worship of the sword—an almost idolatrous worship, parallel to, though going far beyond, the chivalry of Western Europe, where, too, the white weapon had ever symbolised the honour of its wearer. The sword-created knight swore (variedly) on its cross-hilt (though the Persian and Arab carried his verse of the Koran on its blade); giving it up betokened surrender, its restoration freedom (with a trifle of ransom thrown in) on parole; its point or hilt at a court-martial even now tells the prisoner his fate; its best makers were famous, and gave to their towns riches and reputation.

The limited space at our command forbids our enlarging on the legends of famous Japanese swords, and no less famous makers whose names were breathed with awe; legends as wild and mythical as those of Arthur and Roland, and credited as we credit Jonathan's bow, David's sling, and the jawbone of Samson.

Japanese swords, it is needless to say, are no rare objects in Europe, but such swords! We must remember that Japan is densely populated, the sword was an article of daily wear, and the numerous Samauri carried two. Ladies wore one, and the physician, of whom perhaps they felt suspicious, carried one, which he could not draw. It, in its crue shape, is deemed obsolete. A French writer has observed, "Le sabre Japonais est une arme terrible, à côté de laquelle le coupe choux et la latte de cavalerie adoptés par la nouvelle armée sont des jouets



CONGRATULATIONS

family pedigree, and to develop and foster prowess and the dignity of a military caste—fencing *in excelsis*.

With the passing away of the old order, the introduction of the rifle with its “villainous saltpetre,” we can well imagine a Samouri cursing science *versus* manhood in war, in much the same vein as Hotspur, or an expert long-bowman; with this revolution there vanished also the old sword, fencing as a *cult*, and its professors as a caste.

Fencing, however, is not yet dead; it appears to have rooted itself in the hearts of the people, the one-sworded, if one may use such a term, I cannot speak for the no-sworded, except boys. Let one saunter through the side streets of a town, and round the door of a house, larger than the average. There may be seen a group of hardy, plucky-looking boys, some of them handsome too, with a fine colour showing through the dark skin on their hard chubby cheeks; brighter still, with the glow of excitement, waiting for room to squeeze in, and perhaps the privilege of a bout with the bamboo swords, for the house is a fencing-school. Room is courteously made for the stranger, for, with an amiable Chauvinism, they think he cannot doubt that, as fencing, it is fencing of the only right kind, only variable in quality, of which he will doubtless form his own opinion. The veteran master, a conservative *sans chagrin*, is there, he bears no marks of prosperity, indeed rather the reverse, for he has evidently had his share of hard knocks; but, for the present, he is a king, and, surrounded by an admiring crowd, is at least as happy as any one; his bright eye further brightens at the advent of a stranger, he makes some manly, kindly sign of welcome, all are pleasantly conscious of his being there, their art is honoured—and if the stranger be an Englishman, or perhaps an American, they are all the better pleased. Their discordant cries become more discordant, their blows become harder, and, if not skilful enough to punish an opponent, they invite and take with a merry *dibonaire* spirit the punishment of their rashness and clumsiness, which certainly is not the worst road to the Briton's heart.

Four young men have “taken the floor,” as the Irish style it. Boys are especially proud when they may compete with young men, and usually endeavour to close in. The young men laugh, and sun, apparent ferocity, and thorough enjoyment reign supreme.

The Japanese swords, from the sound of the blows, at first give one the idea of a bout with the proverbial “gamp.” They are, however, capable of giving very “nasty ones,” with “remembrances for you,” as some big Englishmen have found out the next morning in their bath in the seclusion which their cabins grant, and kept the damages inflicted a profound secret. Stout men suffer most, and with a malapropian tongue one might corrupt the French proverb, *Le bruit est le pour fât*, &c., into *le bruisse*, &c. But the subject deserves more respect.

At times, on a fine warm evening, the scene may be shifted to an open space, the Nipon substituted for the village-green, when it makes a pretty picture. The writer remembers such an occasion at Hakodate, when he was tempted to sketch inside and near a rope barrier, and when a hotly contesting couple backed into him, and the three, together, nearly went over the obstacle in a heap—two, indeed, did. The sketch was as vaguely spirited as their apologies were profound. A Chinese on-looker considered the whole affair “moochee foolo;” but then in China the warrior is severely repressed.

The sketches whence the illustrations have been made were drawn under more favourable auspices. The American community at Yokohama, numerous and kindly, brought the fencers from the

capital; the affair was well carried through, and full of interest. The Master-at-Arms in his camp coat was dignified and efficient, and if, notwithstanding the war-horns, the hoarse drums, the prolonged falsetto (how dear to the Jappers is the nasal falsetto!) and postures of the heralds, the affair was not quite a true picture of Old Japan, it was so in parts, amiably qualified only to suit the tastes of the audience.

Most grotesque were the efforts of the blindfolded warriors to get at each other with a minimum of injury to themselves, listening, creeping up to cut deliberately into space, at times back to back, coming into collision on the recoil, to cut again quickly and wildly. Not only the master and a veteran adviser, but the musicians had frequently to make excursion, the latter at times too late. The whole thing was, indeed, alarms and excursions. There was one wizened, lame man, very expert with a country tool, a sharpened combination of hook and axe, a line and iron pellet, which suggested the Roman *retiarius*, with his net and trident—he was much too much for the swordsman.

The Japanese sanctioned the use of certain defensive instruments to ladies and priests, principally the curve-headed spear, but history does not seem to deem it its province to reconcile its use, even in defence, with the benevolence of the Buddhist code; here again we have a parallel with the practice of members of the Church Militant in the Dark Ages, when the coat of mail and the compelling mace (with its blows and knocks) were considered, if not quite Apostolic, yet sufficiently orthodox.

The priests were undoubtedly armed at times, and I possess a sort of trident-headed spear which was sold to me as a monastic comfort. With its red wooden head cover, by a sort of ironic coincidence, it has the exact appearance of a processional cross. Its former possessor had been at great pains to get it well sharpened—he was not to be caught napping.

As regards ladies, the wives, sisters, daughters, cousins, and aunts of the higher Samouri, in the Japanese Middle Ages, their own views and those of their men relatives, concerning some very important social points, appear to have been very different from the hurried and sweeping conclusions of tourists regarding the women of Japan. They were permitted, under trying circumstances, to take life, and their weapons, with the badges of their family, were by no means mere articles of adornment, and, consequently, to enable them to use them, they had to learn the art of fence. I may add that some Europeans who, at the theatre, have penetrated behind the scenes, and have been too venturesome, found themselves wholesomely, though most surprisingly, snubbed; retiring sadder and better men. And a Frenchman, who is by right of birth supposed to be a judge on some social enigmas, has asserted that:—

“Dans les classes nobles et la haute bourgeoisie, qui commencent à se poser sur un pied d'égalité, les filles sont élevées dans un rigorisme laissant loin derrière lui la pruderie de nos jeunes Françaises,” &c.

And further on:—



MAN v. WOMAN—AN UNCHIVALROUS INCIDENT



THE WOMAN WARMS TO IT



VENUS VICTRIX

“ Dans les hautes classes, on sont conservés intacts les principes des preux qui ont illustré la chevalerie, les filles sont élevées sévement, et le poignard dont elles ornent leur ceinture n'est pas un vain bâchot.”

And, indeed, he testifies that they don't hesitate to use it. Still, with the writer's comparatively small experience of Japan, it is difficult to imagine the gentle Japanese Musumi in a life-taking mood. One is tempted into this digression, more apparent than real, as the wearing of weapons by women is ever an interesting subject, from the Amazons downward. That the Japanese girl is capable of fighting, of being a "good (wo)man of her hands," was verified by the conduct of two of them at the exhibition pictorially described, but that they would have the heart, except, perhaps, suicidally or in defence of their children, to take life, remains a supposition. It cannot, however, be believed that the wholesome gymnastics of fencing would be counterbalanced by the desire to put their knowledge to a practical use—their glory is to minister to men. They are still addicted to hero worship, they love the theatre, with its threadbare heroic plots of feudal loyalty, self-immolation, and unselfish revenge, in which mimic sword-play is a staple and never-fading attraction, although the fighting is delightfully deliberate and unreal. Still the Musumi, the groundling, is ever bathed in tears; her soft heart is too easily melted. In spite of the traditions of the warlike Empress Jingo, the conqueror or conqueress of Corea, and other mildly grim ladies on scroll, screen, or fan, it is difficult to believe in a Nipon Medea, Clytemnestra, or Lady Macbeth, or even a Joan of Arc. The Musumi is not strong-minded; it is not expected of her; nor does she seem to wish it.

The Japanese, though frequently thick-set, with sturdy bow-legs (what many would term stocky), is usually very short. I have seen big fishermen amongst the lower classes. As this is a country where men to a great extent do the work of horses, remarkable, even abnormal, muscular development is by no means rare. Their build and limbs suggest the pocket Hercules, and they give every facility in the costume of the country for extensive ocular examination; indeed, they are frequently clothed in little but a fine rich complexion.

The fencers, apparently now only professional, seem a mixed lot, of no especial type, unlike that mysteriously distinct race, the Wrestler, but masked and opposed to the women they appeared quite commanding ; they undoubtedly acted with some forbearance, which, perhaps, the fair foes did not appreciate ; the latter, when warmed to it, made it "hot" for every one within reach of their spears, which they used more like unto a flail. Closing with the men they threw them, and as wrestling away a head-guard, or helmet, is rather a tangible sign of prowess and victory, one man, who had his firmly fixed, was dragged round by it, with his head inside, he on his back.

As regards the headguard I should be sorry to try conclusions with the young lady who, when off more active duty, performed that of herald, without one, and one, too, well padded within.

Their faces could not be seen, nor consequently their expressions; both appeared, with the helmet barred, as grim, consistent with their acts ("Ugly is as ugly does"), but no, on their removal to receive a well-earned meed of praise, the man's was that of a grinning good-natured coolie, and the girl's a plump, ruddy, kindly, and comely Musumi's countenance; both a trifle heated. They are usually padded on, at least, one leg, the right; the breastplate is strong leather, perhaps paper, in this land of ingenuity, it is lacquered, and usually a fine bit of colour, especially in senii gloom. Many are ornamented with the crests of noble families. The gauntlets are also protected. There are also pads hanging to the breastplate and on the neck.

Amongst men fencers one frequently sees a strong staff or spear, ball-headed, *versus* sword. Whilst fencing, each stroke and effective guard, or acknowledgement of being legally threshed, is accompanied by its correct howl or grunt, triumph, derision, or "I hasten to honour you as the best man." This must have made warfare in extended line by no means a silent affair; possibly there was a certain amount of looking on at selected or devoted champions, though one would be sorry to do an injustice to the Japanese reputation. Enjoying life, they were reckless of death. Still some amount of human nature, a common nature so prone to watching our friends in straits, combined with self-preservation; let-us-see

how that gallant fellow carries himself kind of sentiment - caution qualified by admiration.

Whilst on the subject of strokes, it is rather difficult to understand how the worked-up bamboo-sword of exercise would be of much use as a training for the cutting, heavy-bladed sword, although it teaches the twisting of the wrists and renders them strong and supple—a point of vital, or deadly, importance. Europeans have ere now experienced what terrible cuts the two-handed weapon could inflict in the hands of a hereditary swordsman; these maiming slashes were made by a prolongation of the motion of drawing, hence, when the country was swarming with excited Samauri, smarting under the sense that their days were, as a dominant caste, doomed, owing to foreign influence—and certainly not cooled by a prevailing weakness for saki—a European was accustomed, when passing them from behind, to keep to the left, as on that side it would require two motions for slicing, giving the passer warning and time. These drawing-cuts frequently severed a limb from the trunk, whereas little execution could be made by the thrust, if tried. How happily changed is all this!

The French naval officer whose opinion of the new cavalry sword I have quoted may well express contempt, belonging, as he does, to a nation who far back armed their heavy horsemen with a long, straight, thrusting weapon; he sees what, indeed, looks like a toy-sword on the Japanese light horseman, neither adapted for cutting or thrusting, slung by a small chain under the hussar jacket, an

The author will appear to be rigidly European. Time

Their present drill appears to be rigidly European. Time revolves on a wheel, and it has been predicted that many excellent weapons are now leaving the country, though all are not disposed of at the price of old iron; in some cases blades have reached the sum of 200/-, and, enveloped in a simple case of plain, white wood, may be repurchased by Japanese. When this occurs, the old skill in fencing may have passed beyond revival, with them, if a cruel, yet, indeed, a noble art.

The life-stories of many Samuri, if they could be individually ascertained, would be sad indeed, rendering those of masters of ience at minor towns bright by contrast; but one at times is inclined to doubt, notwithstanding the pathetic and persevering, if wrongly directed, heroism unto destruction of the heroes of their plays and romances, whether the Japanese possess deep feeling. Of the large number who commuted their share of their lord's revenue, many, possibly, had sufficient to live on with retrenchment, but, apparently, too many spent it speedily in riot; their armour, much of which, though not quite attractive to the European, is very beautiful, passed away for most trifling sums, with but little record of regret, and not only the armour, but their historical swords.

A visit to the armour stores of Kobe will substantiate this. In no private Japanese house have I seen armour. Many of the younger Satsuma warriors, with traditions of Kogosima and



THE VIXEN UNMASKED



BLINDFOLD FENCING—A WARM BEGINNING

Simonavaki, entered the Navy as blue-jackets (not to become models of subordination and discipline, Jack being as good as his master, &c.), some the Army and Police, others are supposed to be but jinricksha runners, if not further down the social scale—for there is with them still a glamour over the profession of arms, with rather an awkward sense of equality. Much of this, however, though interesting, is supposition. After a violent upheaval, no one cares to inquire about those who go to the wall.

There are romances, founded perhaps on the imaginings of sentimental Westerns, that many poor men, masters themselves of cunning fence, will never part from their ancestral blades. On this idea a German has founded an excellent semi-historic tale concerning a Kamakura sword, credited of old with magic powers, and never drawn without a human death; but the sentiment of love therein I fear is, alas, too Western.

In passing, it is stated that, in the hands of a good man, a good sword should be able to sweep off three heads with one blow: if true, it rather puts our own improved weapon in a false position. Beggars and malefactors are supposed to have been utilised for the testing of a good weapon, with an occasional dog, when the supply ran short.

On the subject of fencing, one cannot, one dare not, ignore the armour of old: listed socially far out and above the despised grade of mechanics and merchants, nobles have not disdained a position bringing not only awe and posthumous fame, but present wealth; the final welding of the blade was indeed a function, friends, nobles and their children invited—the warrior-artificer, with the ceremony of a high-priest at a sacrifice, donning for the occasion the dress and trappings of a great courtier.

The happy possessor of the weapon with the artist's signature was indeed an envied man; his duty and care was that his skill in fence should be worthy of his treasure—a treasure to be cherished and handed down to his descendants as an heirloom—with spirits, so he deemed, in its attendance, his fate was glorified. It was even deemed a good substitute for wealth.

Though not always a "thing of beauty," there was much of the "joy for ever" to the Japanese in the possession of a famous sword. Close to my hand whilst writing there are some picture-books of heroic adventure, wherein, although the swift, destructive arrow, is not despised, the confidence-creating weapon is the sword. Therewith the hero tackles the spear-holding warrior of three hands and legs, sweepingly cuts through the shower of arrows; though in

the case of a monster with three eyes he takes the precaution of shaking a lantern in his face, but is finally seen cheerfully jumping over, or into, the moon.

An Englishman not long since endeavoured to glorify wrestling as an art not only of much popularity, which it undoubtedly is; of antiquity, which it may be; but also of high honour. In this latter respect it encroaches in Japan on the noble traditions of fencing—the duty, sport, and probably the bodily salvation of many a young Samuri. Wrestling has no dangers, no political significance, no clashing with science or fashion, and appears to be flourishing. Japan has apparently no other manly sports. They are a fish-eating nation, and fish for a living in deep waters; shooting is but little indulged in. Racing, though patronised by the Mikado in State, attended by relatives, is a foreign-supported exotic; although the Japanese youth is by no means too earnest, he is inclined to be sporting in the objectionable sense of the phrase. Cricket and football seem nowhere; for these reasons one regrets that the, to them, ennobling time-honoured fencing should sink into unmerited decay.

Their bands play European airs, exact indeed, and in excellent time, but without spirit or apparent satisfaction to themselves, or their comrades; but those whose slumbers have been tortured by the ubiquitous samisen, whose waking hours have been robbed of their joy by the more dreadful Nipon voice, male or female, when listed in melody, regret this but little.

In times to come they must, one would think, be educated to the charms of the proverbial sweeter sounds.

Japanese music may die, as the swan's song-expiring discord.

The sturdy little gunners and infantry of modern Japan go through their drill with precision, but they feel no enthusiasm for these exercises, nor do the weapons with which they are provided nowadays inspire them with the delight which their forefathers felt when they worshipped the sword. It must not, however, be presumed that if the stress of war came they would not fight respectfully, nay, even passionately; but for drill, as drill, they have no affection. It is, and is likely to remain,



THE MASTER-AT-ARMS

simply prosaic drill, to be got through, and forming a part of their term of detention in barracks.

The officers, many of whom are married when boys, are very mild.

In conclusion, it is proper to bear in mind that Japan is in a state of transition. The old beliefs, the old manners and customs, have



BLINDFOLD FENCING—THE WRONG SCENT

been placed in the crucible of revolution, and the liquid is still in a fluid condition—it has not yet crystallised into its new form. Hence virtues, which in Europe are regarded as matters of course, to be striven after by everybody, though attained in perfection only by a few, have in Japan to be created rather than developed. Probity, for example, punctuality, and enterprise were qualities neither looked for nor required in the old times. In many respects they were bad old times, but old things, time-honoured, and at the root of the classics of a remarkable and unique nation, can be too ruthlessly and hurriedly swept away; the sweet and graceful young lady, a charming object in her national dress, is being metamorphosed into a little hollow-chested sallow imitation of a Parisienne; the young student or other civilian when attired in his stiffly-cut European garments, is wont to bear a painful similarity to a member of the monkey tribe. There is really no necessity for such a violent costume-revolution as this. The ancient dress might be modified in order to suit altered habits of life, but it need not be altogether abandoned. Then, as for the physique of young Japan; it is quite certain that girls would gain flesh, muscle, and colour if they were to adopt the out-of-door habits which prevail among Englishwomen, and practise the healthful pastimes in which many of our girls are so proficient. As regards the boys, the student should have better food and more rough play, so let him for the present follow traditional manly sports. As for the fighting professions, when the Japanese come to have scientific enemies with whom to cope, a serviceable dress will be imperative. In the mean time some revival in the sports of old Japan would be conducive to grace, patriotic pride, and physical development. May fencing and its sister arts die hard!



BLINDFOLD FENCING—"MISSSED"



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

She rose, with her usual impulsive vehemence, from her chair, and said smilingly. "Mrs. Dormer-Smith? I thought so!"

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHEN Mrs. Dormer-Smith practised any deception—a necessity which unfortunately arose rather frequently in the prosecution of her duty to Society—she was wont to call it diplomacy. She called it so to herself, in her most private cogitations. She was not a woman whose conscience could be satisfied by any but the best chosen physiognomy.

In speaking to May of her conversation with Owen, she gave a "diplomatic" version of it. It was May herself who innocently suggested the line her aunt took. When she found that Owen had left the house without any further farewell to her, she said not a word, she demanded no explanation; but the disappointed look in her eyes, the drooping curves of her young mouth, were sufficiently eloquent. Had she fired up into indignation against her aunt, assuming as a matter of course that Owen had been refused permission to see her again, that would have seemed quite in accordance with her character. It was, in fact, what Pauline had prepared herself to meet. But this quietude was strange. It seemed as though May were ready to be wounded. Her aunt thought that it would not have occurred to the girl—who was high-spirited enough in certain directions—to suspect that her lover might be less eager to see her again than she was to see him, unless some previous fact or fancy had put the suspicion into her head. Fact or fancy, Mrs. Dormer-Smith thought it mattered little which, so long as the suspicion were there.

Of course it would not do to pretend that Owen had not asked to see her. That would be a clumsy falsehood, sure of speedy detection. And, besides, Mrs. Dormer-Smith wished to avoid explicit falsehood. She was only diplomatic.

"I was obliged, I need scarcely tell you, May," she said, "to refuse Mr. Rivers's request for some more words with you. It would have been a gross dereliction of duty on my part to permit it."

"He did ask to see me then?" said May, with a bright eager look in her eyes. It was a look her aunt was well acquainted with, and usually presaged some speech which had to be deplored as being "odd," or "bad form."

"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Dormer-Smith wearily. "Of course, he asked; I had to go through all that. Under the circumstances he could scarcely do less."

The shadow of the eyelashes suddenly drooped down over the bright eyes; and Aunt Pauline saw that her shot had told.

"Has it ever occurred to you, May," Mrs. Dormer-Smith went on, "that you are prejudicing the future of this gentleman?"

May looked up quickly, but made no answer.

"Of course, it cannot be allowed to go on—this engagement, as he absurdly terms it."

"It is an engagement," interrupted May, in a low voice.

Her aunt passed over the interruption, and continued. "But I think that in justice to him you ought to reflect that meanwhile you are injuring his prospects. I do not mean," she added with gentle sarcasm, "that you will injure him by preventing him from marrying the Widow Bransby; because I cannot honestly say that I think that a good prospect for any young man."

"All those stories are malicious falsehoods," said May resolutely; but her throat was painfully constricted, and her heart felt like lead in her breast.

"My dear child, one scarcely sees why people should trouble themselves to invent stories about this lady and gentleman, who, after all, are persons of very small importance. But at any rate the stories are circulated, and believed. Under these circumstances it seems to me a—well, to say the least, an indiscreet proceeding, that Mr. Rivers, the moment he returns to England, should rush to Mrs. Bransby's house, and take up his abode there! However, it may be quite a usual sort of thing among persons in their position. Very likely. I only know that in our world it would not do. We are less Arcadian. When I spoke of injuring Mr. Rivers's prospects, I meant as between him and his employer."

"Oh!" cried May, turning round with a pale indignant face. A confused crowd of words seemed to be struggling in her mind; but she was unable, for the moment, to utter one of them.

"Dear May," said her aunt, "do not, I beg and implore you, do not be tragic! I don't think I could stand that sort of thing. It would be the last straw."

"Do you think—do you mean that Mr. Bragg would turn Owen away, out of spite?" asked May in a quiet tone, after a short silence.

"We need not employ such a word as that. But Mr. Bragg made you an offer of marriage, and we can hardly expect him to find it pleasant when he is told 'the young lady refused you in order to marry your clerk!'

"Not 'in order to—.' You know I have assured you that under no circumstances would I have married Mr. Bragg."

"Yes, May; you have assured me so. But you are not yet nineteen; and I—alas!—was nineteen more than nineteen years ago. It struck me that Mr. Rivers was desirous that you should take your

full share of responsibility in the matter. And he seemed a little anxious about his place. At all events he brought forward the salary he is earning with Mr. Bragg, as an important element in the financial budget with which he favoured me. (How a man could think for a moment that your family would consent—!) I gathered that he was decidedly unwilling to lose it."

"He only took it for my sake."

"Ah! That was particularly kind of him. Well, it strikes me that he would now like to keep it for his own. Of course I must write to your father. I presume you will admit that it is proper to inform him of the state of the case?"

"You can write if you choose, Aunt Pauline. It will make no difference, now."

"I think you will find it will make a considerable difference! Circumstances have entirely altered your father's position in the world. You will be daughter and heiress to a peer of the realm."

There was a long pause. May stood with one foot on the fender before a bright fire in her aunt's dressing-room, her elbow on the mantel-shelf, and her cheek resting in her hand.

Then Mrs. Dormer-Smith resumed softly, "Perhaps I deceive myself—the wish may be father to the thought—but I confess I got the impression that it might not be hopeless to induce Mr. Rivers to withdraw, voluntarily, from his false position. Of course he could do no less than stand to it so long as you appeared resolved to stand to it; but—I hope and trust, May, that if it should be as I think, you would not insist on being obstinate?"

"You know, as well as I know it myself, Aunt Pauline, that I would die sooner than hold him bound for one instant, unless—But I won't answer you as if I took your words seriously."

Upon that she managed to walk out of the room with dignity and dry eyes. But the poor child, for all her trave words, did take her aunt's hint so seriously as to throw herself on the bed in her own room, and lie sobbing there for an hour.

To her husband, Mrs. Dormer-Smith had reported the interview with Owen as accurately as she could. She did, indeed, declare her belief that the young man was a Nihilist. But that was said genuinely enough. A man of gentle birth, who deliberately stated—apparently with sympathetic approval—that there were mechanics who would be ashamed to own Captain Cheffington as a father-in-law, was, in her opinion, evidently prepared to demolish the existing bases of human society.

Mr. Dormer-Smith was very sorry for his niece: more sorry than he thought it necessary to express at that moment to Pauline. But

still he agreed with his wife that every effort ought to be made to prevent her marrying so disastrously. It might have been supposed, perhaps, that Mr. Dormer-Smith, not having found his own mode of life productive of unalloyed felicity, in spite of a fair income, aristocratic connections, and a wife devoted to keeping up their position in Society, would have been not unwilling to let May try her fate in a different fashion. But it is a common experience that, although the possession of certain things gives them not the smallest gleam of happiness, yet, to a large class of minds, the thought of doing without these things suggests misery. The Unusual is a terrible scarecrow, and keeps many weak-minded birds from the cherries.

Mr. Dormer-Smith was to go down to Combe Park to attend the funeral of his deceased cousin-in-law. He had some liking for Lucius, and thought, as he sat in the railway carriage speeding down to the little wayside station beyond Oldchester, where he was to alight, that it was a truly inscrutable dispensation which took away Lucius—a man at least harmless, and of honourable principles—and left Augustus alive; and he could not help regretting the death of Lucius on May's account. Lucius had been, in his dry, peculiar manner, very kind towards his young cousin. He had resented her father's neglect of her; and he treated her, when they met, with a certain air of protection, and almost tenderness, such as one might assume towards a child or an animal that one knew to have been hardly used. Frederick thought it not impossible that, had Lucius lived, his influence might have been brought to bear on May for her good. But Lucius was gone; and Augustus remained to disgrace the family and annoy his relations more than ever.

This, however, was not Pauline's idea. Although her brother's second marriage had, apparently, receded into the background, in consequence of these new troubles about May, yet it had really been occupying many of Mrs. Dormer-Smith's thoughts. She certainly considered it to be not quite so terrible a business now that Lucius—poor dear Lucius!—was out of the way, as it would have been had he lived. A Viscountess Castlecombe might be floated, Pauline said to herself, where a Mrs. Augustus Cheffington would stick in the mud. They could live chiefly abroad—not, of course, in a shabby street in Brussels; but on the Riviera, for instance. A warm climate had always suited Augustus. And as for herself, she, Pauline, would never willingly pass an hour in England between the first of November and the last of April. It really would not be at all disagreeable to spend one or two of the winter months with one's brother and sister-in-law—thank Heaven that, at least, she was not English! So many deviations from "good form" might be got over on the plea of foreign manners—at some charming, sunny place, say St. Raphael! That was not so far from Nice as to preclude the enjoyment of some little gaiety and society. They would have a villa of their own, of course. Perhaps Augustus might build himself one. That sort of life would enable them to catch a good many travellers on the wing. And, with sufficient tact and *savoir faire* (which Pauline flattered herself she could supply), it might be possible to fill their house with a succession of "nice" people. The "nicest" people were sometimes rather less exigent on the other side of the Channel! At any rate, there would be less difficulty in "floating" Lady Castlecombe on the stream of Society abroad than at home. Augustus would be rich; Uncle George could not prevent that, let him do what he would with his savings and his investments. For the estates were strictly entailed; and Uncle George had nursed them into something like treble their value when he succeeded to the property. Mrs. Griffin heard from Lady Mary, the Dean of Oldchester's wife, who had it from the Rector of Combe, that Lord Castlecombe was crushed by the loss of Lucius. Augustus might not have to wait very long for his inheritance. How strangely things turn out! Well, she would write very kindly and gently to her brother. There was the excuse of addressing him about May. And she would take the opportunity of sending a civil word to his wife. It must be done delicately, of course. But Augustus should see that there was no disposition to be hostile, on the part of his sister, at any rate.

It was in the forenoon of the day after Owen's visit that Mrs. Dormer-Smith was thus meditating. Her husband had started for Combe Park. The house was very quiet; the fire in her dressing-room was very warm; several budgets of gossip had arrived by the post from various country houses, and lay unopened within reach of her hand. Mrs. Dormer-Smith felt that there was a certain "luxury of woe" in a family affliction which justified one in saying "not at home," and sitting in a wadded dressing-gown, without causing one either heart-ache or anxiety. And she had been softly rocking herself in the day-dreams recorded above, when they were interrupted as suddenly, if not as fatally, as those of La Fontaine's milkmaid. James stood before her with a visiting card on a salver, and a cloud of depression—which was the utmost revelation of ill-humour his well-trained visage ever allowed itself, above-stairs—on his shaven countenance.

"What is this, James? What do you mean by bringing me cards here—and now?"

"I said 'not at home,' ma'am, but the—the party didn't seem to understand; and, unfortunately, Miss Cheffington happening to pass through the hall at that moment—"

"Who is it? Where is the person?"

Mrs. Dormer-Smith took the card and examined it through her eyeglass with a sinking heart. Could that subversive young man have returned? Or was there, perchance, some other suitor in the field? An anarchical shoemaker, possibly! Pauline's confidence in Mrs. Dobbs had been completely blown into the air by learning that she had approved and encouraged May's engagement to a young man who calmly avowed that he possessed "one hundred and fifty pounds a year of his own," and she felt that any dreadful revelation might be made at any moment.

But the name on the card was not a masculine one, at any rate. Mrs. Something-or-other Simpson, she read on it.

"Is the—lady with Miss Cheffington now, James?"

"Yes, ma'am. Miss Cheffington took her into the dining-room. I thought that, as last time—I mean as Smithson wasn't in the way—I'd better let you know, ma'am."

"Did the lady ask for me?"

"N—no;—I—well I really hardly know, ma'am."

"You hardly know—!"

"Well, ma'am, she talked a great deal, and so—so. It was uncomely difficult to follow what she said. At first I thought she announced her name as being Oldchester. I did say 'not at home' twice. But it was no use. And then Miss Cheffington happening to pass through the hall—"

"That will do."

James retired with an injured air; and Mrs. Dormer-Smith was left to consider within herself whether duty required her to be present at the interview between May and this unknown Mrs. Simpson, or whether she might indulge herself by sitting still and reading Mrs. Griffin's last letter in comfort and quietude. After a brief deliberation, she resolved to go down stairs. There was no knowing who or what the woman might be. James had said something about Oldchester. No doubt she came from that place. Perhaps she was an emissary of Mr. Rivers! Pauline, as she rose and drew a shawl round her shoulders, before facing the chillier atmosphere of the staircase, breathed a pious hope that her brother Augustus might sooner or later compensate her for all the sacrifices she was making on behalf of May.

Before she reached the dining-room, she heard the sound of a fluent monologue. May was not speaking at all, so far as Mrs. Dormer-Smith could make out. When she entered the room, she

found the girl sitting beside a stout, florid woman, dressed in *trente-six couleurs*—as Pauline phrased it to herself—who was holding forth with a profusion of "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith made this stranger a bow of such freezing politeness as ought to have petrified her on the spot; and, turning to May, inquired with raised eyebrows, "Who is your friend, May?"

But Amelia Simpson had not the least suspicion that she was being snubbed in the most superior style known to modern science. She rose, with her usual impulsive vehemence, from her chair, and said smilingly, "Mrs. Dormer-Smith? I thought so! Permit me to apologise for a seeming breach of etiquette. I am well aware that my call ought properly to have been paid to *you*, the mistress of this elegant mansion. But, being *personally* unknown—although we are not so 'remote, unfriendly, melancholy, or slow' (not that I use the epithet in a slang sense, I assure you!) in Oldchester, as to be unaware that Mrs. Dormer-Smith, the accomplished relative of our dear Miranda, is in all respects 'a glass of fashion and a mould of form.' Only I wish our divine bard had chosen any other word than 'mould,' which somehow is inextricably connected in my mind with short sixes."

"Oh!" ejaculated Pauline, in a faint voice, as she sank into a chair. And she remained gazing at the visitor with a helpless air.

At another time, May would have had a keen and enjoying sense of the comic elements in this little scene. But although she saw them now as distinctly as she ever could have done, she was too unhappy to enjoy them. She said quietly, "This is Mrs. Simpson, Aunt Pauline. Her husband is a professor of music at Oldchester; and they are both very old friends of dear Granny."

Now Pauline was not prepared to break altogether with Mrs. Dobbs. Mrs. Dobbs had behaved very badly in that matter of young Rivers. But something must be excused to ignorance. And her allowance for May continued to be paid up every quarter with exemplary punctuality. Let matters turn out as well as possible, there must still be a "meantime" during which Mrs. Dobbs's money would be valuable—and, indeed, indispensable—if May were to remain under her aunt's roof. It occurred to Pauline to invite this incredibly attired person to share Cecile's early dinner in the housekeeper's room, and then to withdraw herself and May on the plea of some imaginary engagement. She was just about to carry out this idea when the reiteration of a name in Mrs. Simpson's rapid talk struck her ear, and excited her curiosity: "Mrs. Bransby." Amelia was talking volubly to May about Mrs. Bransby. She had resumed what she was pleased to call her "conversation" with May, having made some sort of incoherent apology to Mrs. Dormer-Smith, to the effect that she had a very short time to remain, and "so many interesting topics of mutual interest to discuss."

She rambled on about her last evening's visit to Collingwood Terrace. Mr. Rivers and dear Mrs. Bransby would make a charming couple. And as to the difference in years—what did years signify? And the difference was not so great, after all. Mr. Rivers was very steady and staid for his age. And Mrs. Bransby looked so wonderfully youthful! Not a line in her forehead in spite of all her troubles. And then Mr. Bragg's friendship and countenance would be so valuable! He evidently approved it all. And if he gave Mr. Rivers a share in his business—"even a comparatively small share," said Amelia, feeling that she was keeping well within the limits of probability, and even displaying a certain business-like sobriety of conjecture—considering how colossal an affair *that* was, everything would be made smooth for them. Mrs. Bransby's children evidently adored Mr. Rivers—which was so delightful! And as for Mr. Rivers's devotion to Mrs. Bransby, no one could doubt that who saw them together. (This was said rather to a shadowy audience of Oldchester persons, who had declared that, however ridiculous Mrs. Bransby might make herself, young Rivers was not likely to tie himself for life to a middle-aged woman with a family, than to Amelia's present hearers.) And after all the unkind things which had been reported in Oldchester, it would be a heartfelt joy to Mrs. Bransby's friends to see her widowhood so happily brought to a close.

"What unkind things have been reported in Oldchester? What do you mean?" asked May. She spoke eagerly, but quite firmly. There was no tremor in her voice, no rising of unbidden tears to her eyes. Her whole heart and soul were concentrated on getting at the truth.

Amelia pulled herself up a little. She had been running on rather too heedlessly. Some things had latterly been said of Mrs. Bransby which could scarcely be repeated with propriety to a young lady:—at least, according to Amelia's code of what was proper. "Oh, my dear Miranda," she stammered, "the world is ever censorious. But as the lyric bard so beautifully puts it, 'I'd weep when friends deceive me, if *thou* wert like them, untrue.' Although why it is taken for granted that friends—in any true sense of the word—should be expected to deceive, I must leave to metaphysics to determine!"

Mrs. Dormer-Smith here put in her word. "Oh, we had already heard of these scandals," she said. "My niece was inclined to doubt their existence, I believe. I hope you are convinced now, May!"

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpson, glancing with growing uneasiness from May to her aunt. Something, she perceived, was wrong. But what?

"Dear Mrs. Simpson," said May, "I am very sure that whoever else was unkind and scandalous, you were not."

"Ever the same sweet nature!" murmured Amelia. "But, perhaps, it was not so much that people were unkind, not exactly unkind, but mistaken. You see, when a person tells you a thing, positively, there is a certain unkindness in not believing it! And yet, on the other hand, one would not willingly accept evil reports of a fellow-creature. There is a difficulty in harmoniously blending the two horns of this dilemma—if I may be allowed to say so—which, to some extent, excuses error."

The good lady's habitual confusion of ideas was increased by the nervous fear that she had said something unfortunate.

She brought her visit to an end earlier than she otherwise might have done. And in taking effusive leave of May, she whispered, "I trust I did not commit any solecism against the code of manners which belongs to the *élite* of the *haut ton*, in alluding to our fair friend, Mrs. B.?"

"No, no," answered May gently; "don't vex yourself by thinking so."

Mrs. Simpson brightened up a little, and asked aloud, "And what message shall I give to Grandmamma?"

May scarcely recognised "Granny" under this appellation, adopted in honour of Mrs. Dormer-Smith's social distinction. But after an instant she said, "Oh, give her my dear love; I shall write to her to-morrow. And, please, my love to Uncle Jo."

"Ah, I recognise our dear Miranda's affectionate constancy there!" cried Amelia. "Mr. Weatherhead will be much gratified."

"Gratified! I think he would have a right to be disgusted if I forgot him! Dear, good, honest, kind-hearted Uncle Jo!"

"Who is this person?" demanded Pauline, genuinely aghast at the idea that some hitherto unknown brother of Susan Dobbs was in existence. The one extenuating circumstance in that unfortunate marriage had always appeared to her to be the fact that Susan was an only child.

"He is a certain Mr. Joseph Weatherhead," answered May, with great distinctness. "He was originally a bookbinder's apprentice, and then a printer and bookseller in a small way of business at Birmingham. He is my grandmother's brother-in-law, and one of

the best men in the world. He used to give me shillings when I went back to school; and once I remember—that was just before my father left me on Granny's hands—he noticed that my boots were disgracefully shabby, and took me out and bought me a new pair."

Then Mrs. Simpson went away in a nervous flutter, and with the positive, though puzzled, conviction that there was something very wrong indeed between the aunt and niece.

CHAPTER XL.

Of course Mrs. Dormer-Smith availed herself to the utmost of Mrs. Simpson's revelations. They were most valuable. And they had the effect of confirming her own vague suspicions in an unexpected manner. That which had been merely "diplomatic" colouring in her presentment of the situation to May, turned out to be real, solid, vulgar fact!

The state of things was certainly very singular. But she did not doubt that she had discovered the true explanation of it. Mr. Rivers had probably been infatuated with Mrs. Bransby before her husband's death. Such infatuations were by no means rare at their respective ages. The lady had been willing to coquette after a sentimental fashion: which, also, was not unprecedented! There had probably been no serious intention of evil-doing on either side. "At all events we can give them the benefit of the doubt!" reflected Pauline, charitably. Meanwhile, Mr. Rivers had met with May. He had been thrown a great deal into her society, had been encouraged by her stupid old grandmother, had thought her connections and prospects desirable, and had probably admired herself a good deal. Pauline did not see why not. It was very possible for a man to admire more than one woman at a time! Mr. Rivers makes love to May, persuades her to enter into a clandestine engagement, and goes abroad. But then something unforeseen happens: *the husband dies*; and all the old feeling is revived. Mr. Rivers hastens back to England. The widow is pathetic—helpless—throws herself on his advice and support. He goes to live under her roof, and the mischief is done! A handsome, scheming woman, under these circumstances, might well be irresistible. As to him, of course he had behaved badly in a way. But, after all, one must accept men as they are. And, as Pauline said to herself, the folly of young men in such matters, and their invincible tendency to sacrifice themselves to the wrong woman, are simply unfathomable! At any rate, whether her cousin's death had made Rivers more willing to fulfil his engagement to May; or whether he would be glad of a pretext to break with her in order to marry Mrs. Bransby and her five children; May must clearly perceive that she could have nothing more to say to him.

All these considerations, and the conclusion to which they led, Mrs. Dormer-Smith administered to her niece, in larger or smaller doses, during the remainder of the day. Sometimes it was by way of a few drops at a time:—a hint, a word, perhaps merely a sigh, accompanied by an expressive shrug of the shoulders. Sometimes it was a copious pouring forth of the evidence. Sometimes it was an appeal to May's pride: sometimes to her principles.

The girl was worn out with fighting against shadows. And, though they might be shadows, they were gathering darkly.

The worst was that she was, in one sense, as solitary as though she had been alone on a desert island. There was absolutely no communion of spirit between her and her aunt on this subject. Had her uncle been there, she thought that even he would have understood her better. She could write, of course, to Granny; and of course Granny would answer her. But another whole long day must elapse before she could have the comfort of Granny's letter:—even supposing it were sent without a post's delay. She could not see Owen. She was not sure, at moments, whether she wished to see him. And then again, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she would long for his presence.

She had in her pocket the note he had written on the previous evening, begging her to inform Mr. Bragg of their engagement. It had reached her hands only an hour or two before Amelia Simpson's visit; and was, as yet, unanswered. The note had been dashed off quickly, as we know. And to May, disheartened and confused as she was already by her aunt's version of the interview with Owen, it seemed needlessly brief and dry.

He begged May to tell Mr. Bragg of their engagement at once. Under the circumstances he thought Mr. Bragg ought to know it, and the announcement would come best from her. He had not had a moment in which to speak of it during their hurried interview. But he did not doubt that May would feel as he felt on this point. She had better, if possible, send her communication so that Mr. Bragg should receive it that same afternoon; since he certainly ought to know the truth soon, at any cost.

These last words had reference to the possibility that the revelation might effect the fortunes of the Bransby family. But May knew nothing of that; and they jarred on her. Why should Owen speak to her of the "cost"? It was almost like a boast that he was ready to sacrifice himself. In talking to Aunt Pauline he had shown that he was anxious not to lose his situation. For her sake? Oh yes; no doubt for her sake. But the words jarred on her. The lightest touch will jar upon a bruise.

And then the loneliness of spirit was so trying! Solitude may sometimes be a good counsellor for the brain. But it is rarely so for the heart. Nothing so strengthens our best impulses, faiths, and affections as to see them reflected in the soul of a fellow-creature. To the young especially, want of sympathy with their emotions is like want of daylight to a flower. Those who have travelled half way along life's journey are apt to forget how much diffidence is often mingled with a young girl's acceptance of love. The gift seems so unspeakably great! A trembling sense of unreality sometimes comes with the recognition of its preciousness and beauty.

"Can it be? Am I really loved so much? Dare I believe it?" These questions are often asked by sensitive young hearts. Happiness begets humility in the finer sort of nature.

Elder spectators, looking on at the old, ever-new story, find it clear and simple enough. But to the actors it may seem complex and difficult. Lookers on, in any case, see but a small portion of the drama of our lives. The intensest part of it—the most poignant tragedy, the sunniest comedy—is played within ourselves by invisible forces. Truly, and in dread earnest, "we are such stuff as dreams are made of."

All the day May kept Owen's note in her pocket, and when evening came, she had neither answered it, nor written to Mr. Bragg. Owen was right, no doubt, in saying that Mr. Bragg ought to know the truth. But what was the truth? In the whirlpool of her agitated thoughts sometimes one answer would float uppermost, and sometimes another. Could her aunt be right in saying that she would prejudice Owen's future by holding him to his word? Holding him! But it was rather for Owen to hold her. He could not suspect that his claim would be disallowed. He, at least, had no reason to doubt the completeness of her love for him. And then a scarlet blush would burn her cheeks, and hot tears would be forced from her eyes, by a thought which touched her maiden pride to the quick:—was he not leaving it to her to claim him? If she wrote that letter to Mr. Bragg, she would, in fact, be claiming him.

She had told Mr. Bragg, she remembered, when he asked her if her family approved of the man she had promised to marry, that she, at any rate, was proud to be loved by him. Yes; but too proud to accept a love that was not eagerly given. Oh, it was all weariness, and bitterness, and perturbation of spirit!

Sometimes, for a moment, the recollection of Owen's look and Owen's words would pierce the clouds like a ray of sunshine, and

her heart would cry out, "Why am I troubled and tormented by lies and foolishness? Owen is loyal, tender, and true—the soul of truth and honour! I need only trust to him, and all will be well." But then Aunt Pauline would repeat some of poor Amelia Simpson's glowing words about "the charming couple" in Collingwood Terrace—made all the more impressive by the fact that Aunt Pauline really believed them; and the fog would gather again, and Pauline would ask herself, "How if he should be loyal against his inclination?"

In the evening she said to her aunt, "Aunt Pauline, I will go away from London; I will go to Granny. I could not, in any case, continue to take her money for keeping me here. I will go down to Oldchester; that will be best. And Owen and I can arrange afterwards what we will do." For not by a word would she betray a doubt of Owen. To her aunt she upheld his faithfulness unswervingly; she upheld it, indeed, in her own heart, chiding down her doubts as one chides down a snarling dog. But though she could chide, she could not remove them; they were there, crouching. She was conscious of their existence, as pain is felt in a

But it did not at all suit Mrs. Dormer-Smith's views that her niece should go away in that fashion. "I cannot let you leave my house, May," she said; "I am responsible for you to your father."

Then May rebelled. She declared that Granny had been father and mother and friend to her, and that she did not feel she owed any filial duty except to Granny.

Pauline privately thought that she recognised the influence of Mr. Rivers in this speech. She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and observed plaintively that she was sorry May had no touch of affection for her or for her uncle, who had striven to treat her as their own child. She was genuinely hurt, and thought she had reason to complain of the girl's ingratitude. May recognised that her aunt was sincere in this. She, too, felt that Aunt Pauline had meant to do well for her, although it had all turned out amiss. She thought of the day of her first arrival in town, of her aunt's affectionate reception of her, and gentle sweetness ever since, until these last unhappy days. Her thoughts went back farther—to the time when the dowager was alive, and her aunt used to see her in the dreary old house at Richmond, and mourn over her clothes, and kiss her kindly when she went away.

With a sudden impulse she knelt down beside Mrs. Dormer-Smith's chair, and put her arms round her.

"Aunt Pauline," she said, "I know you have meant to be kind. You have been kind. No doubt I have given you trouble and anxiety; partly, perhaps, by my fault, but more by my misfortune. I am not insensible of all that. But, dear Aunt Pauline, I want you to believe—do, pray, believe—that it would be cruel to separate me from Owen. Nothing shall part us, except his own will," she added in a low voice. Then, after an instant, she went on, pressing her soft young face against her aunt's shoulder. "Perhaps you think I don't care so very deeply for him? Of course you cannot know; you have never seen us together; it has all come upon you quite suddenly. But indeed, indeed, if I had to give him up, I think it would break my heart. Oh, dear Aunt Pauline, do be kind to us, and help us. I have no mother. And I—I love him so!"

Pauline folded the sobbing girl in her arms. Perhaps she had never felt the great duty she owed to Society so hard of fulfilment as at that moment. It was really frightful to think of the havoc wrought by the selfish recklessness of that Nihilist with his hundred and fifty pounds a year! The recollection of the cold-blooded effrontery with which he had mentioned the sum made her shudder.

For a little time she held her niece silently in a motherly embrace. Then she said softly, "This is very sad and distressing, dear May." And her own eyes were full of tears. "However much I may disapprove"—(the clinging arms around her shoulders, relaxed their hold a little here; but she gently pressed the girl close to her again)—"and—deplore the state of the case, it is most painful to me to see you suffer. But we must not allow feeling to over-ride all considerations of what is right and proper. We must not forget that we have duties—duties towards Society."

May quietly removed one arm from her aunt's neck, and began to dry her eyes.

"I don't say that those duties are easy. Those who have no position in the world to keep up may be enviable in some respects. I'm sure I am often tempted to envy the people one sees riding in omnibuses," said Pauline, with what she felt to be a bold but forcible hyperbole. "But *noblesse oblige*. You and I are both born Cheffingtons. It may be all very well for the *bourgeoisie* to indulge in sentiment, and sweethearts, and that sort of thing; but from us Society expects something different. There are certain opportunities which, it appears to me, it is absolutely flying in the face of Providence to neglect. I know perfectly well that if the Hauten-ville had the slightest inkling of an idea that you had refused Mr. Bragg, Felicia would come flying back from Rome like a whirlwind. However, I will not dwell on that now. You are dreadfully worn out, my poor child, and your eyes will not be fit to be seen for a week. (Rosewater the last thing before going to bed. There is nothing so soothing.) Poor child! I must steel myself to do my duty, May; but it really is excessively trying. Go to rest now, dear, and sleep off your agitation. To-morrow we will talk more calmly."

May had gently withdrawn herself from her aunt's embrace, and had risen from her knees. "To-morrow I will go to Granny," she said quietly.

"Ah, no, dearest! that cannot be. It is out of the question. But you may write to Mrs. Dobbs, and hear what she says."

Pauline had resolved to write herself to Mrs. Dobbs, detailing all she knew (and a great deal more which she thought she knew) about Mr. Rivers's conduct, and setting forth the change in May's position as the daughter of the future Lord Castlecombe. Things were very different from what they had been three or four months ago. Even Mrs. Dobbs—although she had turned out so disappointingly foolish as to this preposterous love-affair—must see that.

"Good night, dear child, you will get over this distress; and you will acknowledge hereafter, I am quite confident, that you have had a good escape. As to that odious woman, she is sure to be miserable, whether he marries her or not, that's one comfort!" said Aunt Pauline.

The sight of May's tearful, white face exacerbated her virtuous indignation against Mrs. Bransby; nor was this feeling in the slightest degree mitigated by her strong desire that Mrs. Bransby should marry young Rivers, and take him out of their way for ever.

"Good night, Aunt Pauline," answered May, bending down, and slightly touching her aunt's forehead with her lips.

Pauline embraced the girl tenderly. "Poor darling!" she murmured. "Don't forget the rose-water."

(To be continued)

The "Beginner's Guide to Photography" (Perkin, Son, and Company), by a "Fellow of the Chemical Society," is a useful little manual for amateur photographers. It contains brief and concise directions for taking, developing, and printing the negative, while there is a valuable article on that bugbear of all amateurs—"Exposure," by M. A. S. Platts, containing some exceedingly useful exposure tables.



FOR our young and light-hearted readers the month of December is the merriest and most enjoyable of the year. What care they for easterly winds, fogs, rain, and mud, when each long evening brings some fresh amusement at home or abroad? Now a rehearsal for a coming concert, private theatricals, or *tableaux*; anon, an impromptu carpet-dance. At this season there is no question of etiquette as to whether this or that member of the family has "been presented" or "come out." From the venerable great-grandmother to the three-year-old great-grandchild, all meet together at these informal winter gatherings on terms of perfect equality and fraternity.

Apropos of evening dress, there is a pretty method of making low bodices in thin materials by the use of very small pleats, put as close as possible together; round the shoulders and short sleeves are finely-crimped frills, a quaintly-made girdle of velvet ribbon encircles the waist, and falls in long loops and ends at the back. With this simple bodice is generally worn a skirt of rich white silk or satin, with wide satin stripes, in one or more colour, on which are embroidered conventional designs in gold or silver thread, or floral designs in colour.

But more appropriate for young people, and less costly than the above, are two skirts of fine *mousseline de soie* or *crêpe de Chine*, sparsely sprigged with silver or gold thread; round each skirt rows of very narrow gauze ribbon, sometimes as many as a hundred in the row.

A very effective ball-dress was recently made of the palest shade of pink satin and lime-green *mousseline de soie*, with crescents embroidered in silver. Great care must be taken to choose the two colours judiciously, in order that they may blend to produce the appearance of an opal shade. For very slim, girlish figures the bodice is again to the fore.

For walking costumes, the "Directoire" coat is still the reigning favourite, and is certainly very becoming to a good figure. One was recently made of dark serpent-green soft woolen striped material. The long coat was set in organ pleats at the back, opened in front over a curiously crumpled and folded waistcoat of the same; *revers* on skirt and bodice of coat, of a handsome Oriental bordering, collar and cuffs to match; the small portion of under-skirt showing in front was pleated, with the stripes running horizontally and a broad border at hem; this coat was fastened at the waist with handsome buttons.

The bonnet intended to be worn with this costume had a green and gold embroidered crown, a velvet rolled coronet, high pale green bows, and an aigrette.

Another coat of this type was made of dark green Amazon cloth, with black watered-silk *revers*—waistcoat, collar, and cuffs of handsome black *appliquéd* embroidery, which also was repeated on the front of the pleated skirt; the coat did not fasten in the front. "Empire" hat, the crown of cloth, the brim of velvet, on the top a profusion of bows and birds.

There is quite a rage for green and black combined, and certainly it looks warm and seasonable. Brown and yellow are sometimes combined, but are not so popular as green.

Quite a feature of this season is the bordering which is sold with the dresses (in wide and narrow widths), and makes a very stylish trimming.

We were recently shown some exquisitely-fine cashmeres for evening wear; they were in shrimp-pink, heliotrope, maize, and blue-grey; all these had wide and narrow borders in silver embroidery. This very pliable material looks best made up as statue costumes, fastened on the left shoulder with a handsome silver ornament. With these classical costumes, the hair must be worn with two or three classical bands in silver filagree, or of velvet with diamonds or precious stones.

Unfortunately, not all of us are born with shapely figures and statuesque faces; the majority of our young matrons must be content to look on and admire their more favoured sisters. A very becoming utility dress for all sorts and conditions of women is made thus: A demi-train of black velvet, drawn back to leave an open space, then long wide panels on each side embroidered in cut jet beads; this may be worn either over a plain black satin skirt for undress occasions, or with an amber, pink, or blue satin underskirt veiled in lace, black or white, or covered with raised embroidery, or the spaces may be filled up with pleated frills of lace. There should be two bodies, one high, with a moveable waistcoat, the other low; with the latter may be worn for demi-toilette a *fichu* pelting of very soft *crêpe* or muslin, trimmed all round with a *point d'esprit*; all the fulness brought to the front in folds, and fastened at the waist with a brooch. A muslin pleated bodice may be worn with this robe.

A very graceful costume for dinner was a petticoat of white terry velvet, trimmed with white lace and butterfly bows embroidered in gold, a redingote upper dress of white pelerine satin and silk, with the wide *revers* embroidered in gold, and filagree gold buttons; the sides were of plain white satin; the *tablier* was embroidered in gold.

A boa is now quite *de rigueur* for an evening toilette; it is somewhat erroneously supposed to supply the place of a cloak. These boas are made of a variety of feathers, of which the ostrich feather-boa is the most graceful. A very effective trimming, boa, muff, tips are the most graceful. A very effective trimming, boa, and cuffs, together with a deep band for skirt, and a narrow band for the coat, was recently made by an industrious young lady visiting in a sporting county, where all the sportsmen of the neighbourhood collected pheasants and partridge feathers for her use. Having carefully sorted and picked over the feathers, she had them baked in a brick oven, and then having cut strips of brown canvas into various widths, she patiently stitched each feather separately in rows, one overlapping the other; the pleasing result repaid her trouble. The trimming was used for a dark green faced cloth trouble. The trimming was used for a dark green faced cloth costume, which included a jaunty little *toque* hat. Floral boas, mounted flat on wadded satin, are very pretty and warm.

Bonnets and hats for this winter are very stylish and becoming to most faces. In choosing a bonnet from Paris which looks very jaunty and coquettish, it will be found that in nine cases out of ten they are too narrow and cropply for English faces, and require some trifling additional fulness at the sides. The sealskin *toque* hats, which are again fashionable, are only becoming to bright young faces, although as a rule they are worn with sealskin jackets. From a number of stylish bonnets and hats we have selected a few for description. Rembrandt hat of grey felt, trimmed with corded ribbon of the same shade, and a swallow with upturned wings; a nasturtium-coloured velvet capote, the front trimmed with jet ornaments; a blackbird and aigrette, velvet and satin strings. A stylish little capote of red feathers veined with black, small birds nestling in bows of ribbon, narrow satin strings. A black felt hat, of the Empire shape, trimmed with black ribbon and green feathers. Capote of white felt, with a border of copper-coloured plush, and large fan bows.

Dainty little Directoire wreaths of real or artificial flowers will be much worn this winter, together with a variety of rosettes and aigrettes in lace and ribbon, which have such a pleasing effect when put on with taste.

A pretty novelty of the period is a tulle or net scarf, about three yards long, made in delicate colours, and wound carelessly round the throat; this is a revival of the Empire period.



THE foolish, the funny, and the fanciful will be found pretty liberally distributed over the curious collection of letters which Mr. J. T. Merydew has edited in two volumes, entitled "Love-Letters of Famous Men and Women of the Past and Present Century" (Remington). The series begins with George Farquhar, and ends with Thomas Hood. The first Duke of Marlborough's effusions are to his wife. Twenty-eight years after his marriage he writes to her, "My dearest soul, my desire of being with you is so great, that I am not able to express the impatience I am in to have this campaign over. I pray God it may so happen that there be no more occasion for my coming, but that I may ever stay with you, my dearest soul." This, by way of contrast, is how the author of "Tristram Shandy" writes to his Eliza about his wife:—"Talking of widows, pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long—she has sold all the provinces in France already—and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. 'Tis true I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a disparity this! But what I want in youth I will make up in wit and humour. . . . Tell me, in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal, and that you would (like the Spectator's mistress) have more joy in putting on an old man's slippers than associating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young." For the glimpses here supplied of many minds, of the ways in love of the sage and the fool, of Dr. Johnson and Beau Brummell, to say nothing of a host of others, many persons will doubtless be grateful to the bookmaking industry of Mr. Merydew.

Numbers of old gentlemen past middle age, uneasy about the Psalmist's statement that the years of man are threescore years and ten, will find matter of comfortable reflection in Mr. John Burn Bailey's "Modern Methusalehs" (Chapman and Hall). This book contains short biographical sketches of a few advanced nonagenarians, or actual centenarians, who were distinguished in Art, Science, Literature, or Philanthropy. There are also brief notices of some individuals, remarkable chiefly for their longevity. The introductory chapter on "Long-Lasting" is especially interesting. Russia, it seems, sends forth reports of extraordinary longevity within her borders. Unhappily they are stamped with the mark of improbability, and do not allow of verification. Taking the year 1806, the returns gave no less than 1,417 deceased individuals whose ages ranged from 95 to 150. There does not appear to be any rule of life which will ensure centenarianism. One gentleman who regulated his habits so that he might arrive at 120 was balked of his purpose at 72. Mrs. Lawson, on the other hand, who lived to 106, seldom had her rooms swept and never washed. Her skin was as dirty as her rooms, for she never washed even her face and neck, but smeared them daily with hog's-lard, while the vain old creature touched up her cheeks with rose-pink. She used to remark that people who washed themselves always caught cold. Teetotallers may find food for reflection in the fact that William Riddell, who died when 116, had a remarkable love of brandy, of which he drank largely, but he carefully avoided water, and for two years before his death subsisted on bread soaked in spirits and ale. Still, a man who ate little and drank only milk reached 138. The biographies, which include personages so far apart as St. Anthony the Great, Titian, and Sir Moses Montefiore, are very well done, and "Modern Methusalehs" altogether is replete with information on a subject about which the race of men will always take a more than common interest.

Citizens of London who are fond of books treating of the past of their great city will enjoy a volume published by Messrs. Longmans, entitled, "The Inns of Old Southwark and their Associations." Its authors are Mr. William Rendle, F.R.C.S., and Mr. Philip Norman, F.S.A., and it is provided with numerous illustrations, including one after Visscher's cut of 1616, showing the "Boar at Bridge Foot, and Southwark end of Old London Bridge." Some readers of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" may have found in the passage "In the south suburbs, at the Elephant is best to lodge," allusion to the Elephant and Castle. This would be an error, as the Elephant and Castle is more modern than Shakespeare. The ground upon which it stands was, in the time of the Commonwealth, 1658, a piece of waste, and was granted for building purposes. It was, indeed, a charitable donation to the poor of Newington parish; the grant was renewed and confirmed in 1673, the premises and appurtenances being then described as lately built. The parish-wardens' accounts show the original rents as 5/- per annum; in 1760, 8/- 10s.; in 1776, a lease was granted at 100/-; in 1797, at 190/- About this time it was probably first named the Elephant and Castle. It is quite possible, however, that there was a wayside place of refreshment here in Shakespeare's time. The "ale of Southwark" was famous when Chaucer wrote, as the beginning of "The Miller's Tale" bears witness. Those curious about ale-lore and the vicissitudes of the Tabard, the Queen's Head, the Dog and Duck, and the rest, will meet with plentiful entertainment in this volume.

Mr. Gordon Rylands treats in an interesting fashion "Crime; Its Causes and Remedy" (Fisher Unwin). The subject is one that admits of being rendered dull; but this pitfall for useful work our author has avoided. His general contention may be summed up thus:—As habitual criminals almost always commence their career early, and as prevention is better than cure, he argues that we should get hold of juveniles before the seeds of evil have had time to take root, and even before those seeds are sown, if possible, and plant in their minds habits of industry and uprightness. He proposes that habitual criminals should be segregated from the rest of the community, while life should be withdrawn from persons manifestly unfit to live. There is this to be said in favour of Mr. Rylands' scheme, that our present methods are not, so far, such a success that we should refrain from experimenting in another direction.

As showing what fanaticism may develop into, "The Tyranny of Mormonism; or, An Englishwoman in Utah" (Sampson Low), should be profitable reading. Its author, Mrs. Fanny Stenhouse, of Salt-Lake City, has been for more than twenty-five years the wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder. Her narrative has therefore every mark of verisimilitude. It is curious to note that Mormonism has been almost entirely recruited from amongst "converted" members of the evangelical sects, the same source which supplies so much that may be well-meaning in the ranks of the Salvation Army. There is a fund of instructive incident in "The Tyranny of Mormonism," and occasionally it is amusing. Among its illustrations is one of "Brother Brigham's Last Baby."

Of rough pioneer life in the Antipodes, a good deal may be learnt in "Kaipara; or, Experiences of a Settler in North New Zealand" (Sampson Low). Mr. F. W. Barlow, the author, and a civil engineer by profession, having for some time found it very difficult to obtain employment in the old country, went out to the southern colony in connection with a trading company who were owners of a



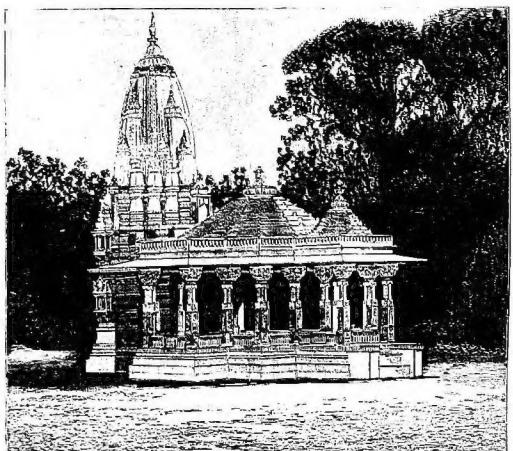
THE MAHARAJAH



THE MAHARAJAH'S HOUNDS ON THE PALACE-LAWN



THE FOUR-IN-HAND, WITH THE MAHARAJAH ON THE BOX



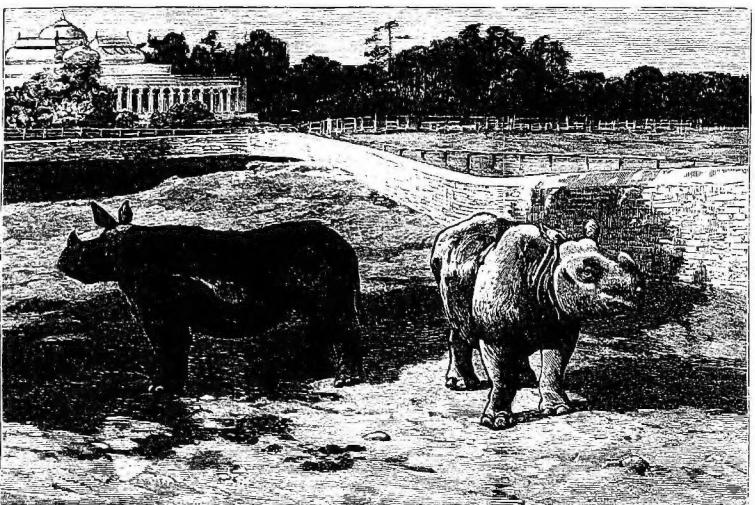
A MARBLE TEMPLE IN THE GROUNDS



A VIEW IN THE GROUNDS



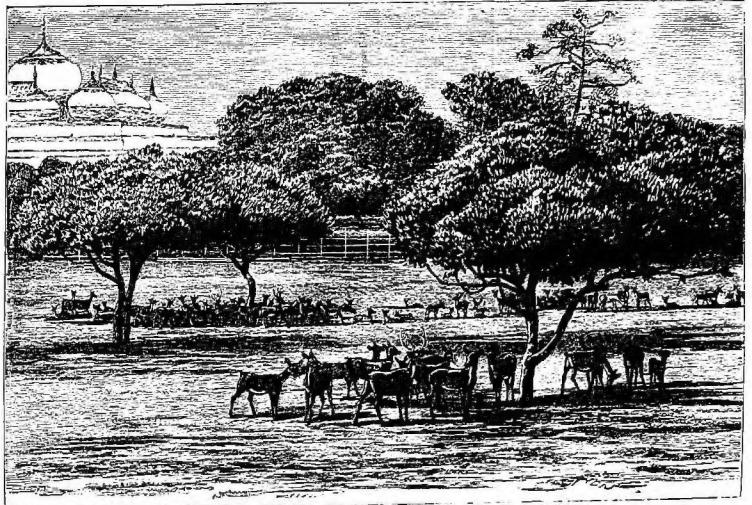
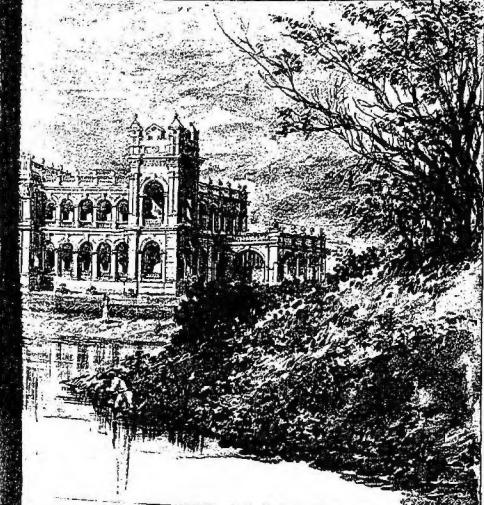
THE STABLE YARD



THE RHINOCEROS PARK



AN INDIAN PRINCE AT HOME
THE PALACE AND GROUNDS OF THE MAHARAJAH OF CHANGA, K.C.I.E., IN THE PATNA DIVISION OF BEHAR



THE DEER PARK

large tract of land. He was, however, soon thrown very much on his own resources, and so acquired valuable experience, which he makes public. He makes the following observations, which may be worth considering by folk dissatisfied with the outlook at home:—"At the present, New Zealand offers little inducement to professional men to endeavour to pursue their callings, but no better time could be selected by gentlemen with small fixed incomes to come out and purchase properties. I should strongly advise family-men to bring, if possible, their own servants with them, and to get an agreement signed immediately on reaching Auckland, binding them, on consideration of the passage-money, to remain a certain time in their service at certain wages. I cannot help thinking that there are many at home with moderate incomes who would do far better out here, and who could become important personages in New Zealand if they chose to take up public matters."

The Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Barnett have collected into a neat volume their scattered essays on social reform, and dubbed the book "Practicable Socialism." In the first portion of it the poverty of the poor is set forth luminously; in the second, means are suggested by which such poverty may be met by individual and by united, action, while the dangers to which such charitable effort may be liable are pointed out. "Practicable Socialism" should be read by all who are intelligently concerned about the Condition of the Poor Question.

Mr. J. Morrison Davidson writes "The Book of Erin; or, Ireland's Story Told to the New Democracy" (William Reeves). It is written with much fervour, and in a revolutionary strain. Still, it may be doubted, perhaps, if the New Democracy contains quite as many fools as some of its more enthusiastic admirers imagine.

An idea of the humorous qualities of Mr. J. A. Lees and W. J. Clutterbuck, authors of "Three in Norway," may be gathered from the title of their latest book, published by Messrs. Longmans, "B.C. 1887: A Ramble in British Columbia." There is plenty more of the same delicate wit scattered through the pages of this volume. It never rises higher than the specimen on the title-page, and, of course, does not sink lower. The authors saw a good deal on their journey to British Columbia, and also while there, which bears telling; but a readable book would have been none the worse if they had not been so constantly on the strain after the rollicking. What they saw we are all interested in knowing; but we could do without the jokes, which are decidedly poor. Unfortunately, the travellers are unconscious of the point on which they are weakest.

We have received from Mr. Elliot Stock a bound volume of the *Bookworm*. It makes a handsome, substantial book. We do not know that within its 420 pages there is anything more attractive than the introductory poem, by Mr. Andrew Lang, addressed to the Gentle Reader, from which we will, in conclusion, venture to quote one typical stanza:—

For man will be wrangling, for women will fret
About anything infinitesimal, small:
Like the Sage in our Plato, I'm "anxious to get
On the side"—on the summer side—"of a wall."
Let the wind of the world toss the nations like rooks,
If only you'll leave me at peace with my Books.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

IV.

The old homely country songs are fast dying out, together with traditional village customs and rustic simplicity. Rural England now prefers the modern music-hall ballad, so that holiday-makers this summer were pursued into most remote districts by the strains of General Boulanger's famous ditty, which seems to have especially caught the provincial ear. All the more reason therefore to applaud Mr. Heywood Sumner for gathering up some of the Coventry Folk-Songs in "The Besom-Maker" (Longmans, Green), before the rhymes and tunes of our forefathers quite drop out of memory. Mr. Sumner's quaint black-and-white sketches are exactly in keeping with the spirit of the poetry, whether he draws a gaping country bumpkin or designs a tasteful border. He states, by the by, that none of these tunes have appeared in any current British song-book, but the music of "Two Young Men of Kenilworth" is almost identical with "Here We Go Round the Mulberry-Bush," to be found in most collections of childish airs.—Folk-lore, again supplies the material of "Tales from the Lands of Nuts and Grapes" (Field and Tuer), where Mr. C. Sellers reaps a rich harvest from the popular traditions of Spain and Northern Portugal. In his youth, Mr. Sellers often heard these fantastic legends from the lips of the peasants themselves, and, under his rendering, they retain a *naïve*, primitive flavour. The priest, the Moor, the mule, and the barber—naturally enough in the land of Figaro—usually play the most important parts, and, indeed, there is little stereotyped about these characteristic fables of the Peninsula.—While we yet linger in the land of romance, Mr. Andrew Lang takes us to Bonnie Scotland to watch his lad and lass of mediæval times seek and find "The Gold of Fairnilee" (Simpkin, Marshall), after the hero's eyes are opened by dwelling among the fairies. A very pretty tale of over the Border, with E. A. Lemann's graceful, soft-tinted illustrations.—"Joan's Adventures" (Blackie) also led their little heroine amongst the fays, and were very entertaining as described by Mrs. Corkran, though the authoress has been happier in previous productions.—So, too, has been the Rev. Jackson Wray, whose hand is too heavy for a fairy tale. The improving element is so palpably prominent in his "Song o' Sixpence for the Bairns" (Nisbet) that it makes the book dull.—Nor are the fairies better treated in the extravaganza of "Two Fairy Girls and Two Magic Pearls" (Laurie), where Mr. J. Litart seems pursued by memories of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Macbeth," and the "Jackdaw of Rheims." Sometimes his verse is most unintentionally funny, as he will make any sacrifice of sense to get a rhyme, with the result of producing jingles. Several of the accompanying poems are more ambitious efforts in a devotional strain, but are equally tame.—Indeed there is more poetry visible in the prose of "The Children of the Week" by W. T. Peters (Routledge), a charmingly got-up volume of Transatlantic fancies. Lonely little boys with an odd halfpenny in their pockets should try whether the Queen's head will tell them such amusing histories of each day of the week as the Red Indian on the American cent-piece confided to the crippled New York laddie. Many of Clinton Peters, accompanying drawings are truly comic.

A quintet of simple love-stories appeal to girls in their teens. Perhaps the most attractive is "Little Lady Clare" (Blackie), for Miss Evelyn Everett-Green draws a specially taking picture of the lonely orphan who heals a family feud of centuries.—Such was the successful mission, also, of Miss Agnes Giberne's heroine, put in a very awkward position by the terms of "Ralph Hardcastle's Will" (Hatchards). But this young lady is not half so interesting, being a washed-out personage given to perpetual faintings and headaches.—Artistic Eleanor, whose father lies "Under a Cloud" (Hatchards), is made of sterner stuff, and carries her love affair to a successful issue with much determination. Still, this story is hardly up to the usual standard of the authoress of "Mdlle. Mori."—How dangerous it proves to sail "Under False Colours" (Blackie) is pertinently shown by Miss Sarah Doudney, who draws some charming feminine characters, and contributes a really interesting novelette.—Unselfish "Giannetta" (Blackie) also exists under false colours, but involuntarily, so that Miss Rosa Mulholland can bring out her self-sacrifice and eagerness to help others. This tale, however, strikes a more tragic note, with its pathetic description of Irish evictions and the

cruel absentee landlord. It is well worth reading.—Miss L. T. Meade has produced quite a gallery of child portraits in her time, and her picture of the veritable Ugly Duckling in the midst of a prim family, "Deb and the Duchess" (Hatchards) is as lifelike as its predecessors. Deb is a regular imp of mischief, but most fascinating withal, while the episode of her disappearance and the Duchess' sad fate lift her history out of the ordinary track of misunderstood children. This volume is for the younger sisters, who will also like to hear from Miss Cecilia Lowndes how "Linda and the Boys" (Blackie) came home from India to perplex and win the hearts of a crusty old maid and bachelor.—Both girls and boys enjoy holidays, and so both may find from "Storied Holidays" (Blackie) that their ancestors in the Old and New World also kept the holidays right merrily from New Year to Christmas. Here the actors are no less taking for being real historic personages, well sketched by E. S. Brooks, with good local colouring, much assisted by Howard Pyle's illustrations.—If tired of real life, let the children dip into "A Store of Stories" (Skeffington), with the certainty of being interested in the brief sketches of childish doings contributed by Miss Frances Clare.

A flavour of the briny pervades the next trio—this time for boys. The thrilling episodes of "Captured by Cannibals" (Hodder and Stoughton) are none the worse for Mr. Joseph Hatton having used them before, in somewhat different form, in "A Modern Ulysses." Like the parent work, this volume was inspired by the travels of the author's son, the unfortunate young Frank Hatton, who perished by accident when exploring in North Borneo. The descriptions of the cannibals and their surroundings are just the thing to delight youth.—Mr. Frankfort Moore also invades the haunts of the cannibals in "Fireflies and Mosquitoes" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), endangering his heroes amongst the head-hunters of New Guinea. The beginning of the tale drags, but, once afloat, Mr. Moore is bright and entertaining, though, of the two volumes, he is more lively in "Under Hatchets" (Blackie). Shipwreck, collision, fire, mutiny, and other sensations here keep the reader alive from first to last.—Yellow Jack is the origin of the troubles resulting from "A Will Made in Haste" (Jarrold), which left an orphan boy to be cheated and struggle against many difficulties in a rough Texan town. How Hal succeeds and regains his rights, thanks to good influence and despite fire, flood, and civil war, is briskly told by Miss Grace Stebbing, whose account of the mushroom growth of a Western city is specially good.—Another lady, too, knows how to charm the boys, witness Lady Broome's editorship of "Harry Treverton" (Routledge), which has already won favour in "The Boy's Own Paper." Lady Broome states that she has merely put together the true notes of an old colonist. At all events, the experiences of the new "chum," left destitute on reaching Western Australia, and forced to work his way up from the lowest step are full of honest interest, and far fresher than the usual run of fictitious adventure.—Not in the open Australian country, but in the dark Pennsylvania coal-mine lurked the trials and sorrows awaiting the hero of "Burnham Breaker" (Warne). Mr. Homer Greene's tale is a trifle long-worded and over elaborate, particularly in legal details, but good in tone and fairly exciting. Among all these rousing novelties comes a vivacious old friend in a new edition, Captain Marryat's Crusoe-like story, "The Little Savage" (Routledge).—This exciting type of literature is not the best preparation for becoming interested in the career of "Adam Dickson" (David Bryce), by T. Mason, which must be acknowledged prosy and overburdened with the Scottish dialect for most English tastes. Nor will everybody agree with the author's admiration for Mr. Greig's accompanying illustrations.

Tales of a more serious type now come to hand. The self-sacrificing and energetic clergyman is the hero of the group, and, as Miss Giberne shows, is "Ready, Aye Ready" (Nisbet), to give his life for others; on this occasion, by seizing a mad dog. A sensible story of prejudice overcome, and the value of good home influence, suited to girls of the working-classes.—Of course the same type of clerical figures largely in the publications of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, whether in "Abbotsnid," by "C. E. M.," he fights against poverty and brings up a troublesome little sister; or helps in the reformation of a wayward boy and his drunken father in "The Stepmother's Will," where A. Eubule-Evans neatly depicts the right and wrong use of a legacy.—Three volumes teach sound lessons to young working-men in useful and unobtrusive fashion. Thus, Miss Helen Shipton happily describes the advantage of "A New Beginning" in life after a false step in youth; the author of "Vera" enforces the same moral in "Marjory's Husband," and M. E. Gellie advises frank confession of misdoing, showing how "Roger Fildyke's Secret" spoilt much of his life. In this last volume the engravings might be improved, for on one page the village and church-tower look as if an earthquake had just occurred.—Selfish householders should take a hint from "John Gardiner's Neighbours," by Julia Goddard; while, for distribution among the poor, the cheap tales, "Whiter than Snow" and "Rob Nixon," by the late W. H. G. Kingston, simply illustrate the force of practical religion. The tiny story which comes last, "J. Cole," by Emma Gellibrand, is the most original and taking of all in its humourous, yet touching, narrative of the devoted little page-boy.—Not fancy but fact about the working-classes comes to the fore in "How to Help" (Nisbet), wherein Mrs. G. S. Reaney, well-known for her philanthropic labours, reprints from various periodicals some keen-sighted and forcible studies of life at the East End.

Our list of annuals includes *The Magazine of Art and Little Folks* (Cassell); *Chatterbox, Sunday, and The Prize* (Wells Gardner); *Good Words* and *The Sunday Magazine* (Ibsister); and *Harper's Young People* (Sampson Low).



The bushranger would not strike most people as very promising material for a hero of romance. In the hands of Mr. Rolf Boldwood, however, the author of "Robbery Under Arms" (3 vols.: Remington and Co.), he becomes at any rate a very efficient rival to such heroes as Claude Duval, or even as the old Border cattle thieves, or the Calabrian brigands. That Mr. Boldwood knows his subject through and through is as certain as that his picture of the breaking-out of the first gold fever in Australia is the best ever written. It yields in picturesqueness, no doubt—though not so very much—to certain famous passages in "It is Never Too Late to Mend," but it has that charm of reality which can only result from minute personal knowledge of scenes, incidents, and people. The story is supposed to be written by a young fellow with all sorts of fine qualities, who has drifted into the bush for all sorts of complicated reasons—a spirit of adventure; loyalty to a scoundrel of a father; the influence of an exceptionally brilliant and fascinating outlaw—until he finds himself, after a career of exciting adventures, in the condemned cell. It is as well to add that he is not left there, and exceedingly necessary to say that "Robbery Under Arms" is not to be classed with criminal fiction in general. The tone is thoroughly wholesome, and is assuredly not likely to throw a glamour over lawlessness and ruffianism in the mind of the most impressionable reader. The one thought of the brigands of the bush, after a very slight experience, is to escape into a new life and to live like honest men; a phenomenon which we trust is truer to life than most such stories of criminal adventure, though we very

much fear that the trust is not over well founded. All the pictures of Colonial life are admirable, and the novel, despite its prodigious length and its intentional illiteracy, is well worth reading through. And we hope that no reader will miss the humour running through the supposed extracts from Colonial newspapers.

It is to be regretted that the subject of "The Aspern Papers" (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), did not fall to a stronger pen than that of Mr. Henry James. The supposed narrator is one of the ghouls who devote their lives to prying into the private affairs of dead poets; and the interest of the story depends upon his efforts to get some love-letters—probably of a compromising kind—out of the possession of an old lady who had once been the "Juliana" of the famous Jeffrey Aspern. In such a tale there is obviously plenty of scope for pathos, and plenty for much-needed satire. Mr. Henry James, it need hardly be said, substitutes for these elements of strength one of his super-subtle studies of invertebrate psychology. His picture of Venice is fairly good; but then it would require much more ingenuity than he possesses to make a bad one. "The Aspern Papers" is followed by a yet more "subtle" sketch, with much apparent, but no real, meaning; and an absurd story of an American woman who committed suicide because she was sure her brother would not like a book her English husband had been writing about America. Lunatics and idiots are scarcely legitimate subjects for the psychology of fiction.

A good deal of acquaintance with John Strange Winter's former works is requisite, perhaps necessary, for a full appreciation of her latest army story, "Beautiful Jim" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). The first volume is devoted to garrison gossip and flirtation among some old and new acquaintances, in the usual style; then we are suddenly and unexpectedly plunged into a case of the murder of a captain by a newly-joined subaltern; and finally carried off into the inevitable "little war"—in the present case, the Burmese expedition—to set all complications smooth. The point of the plot consists in the submission of a young officer to the possibility of being vaguely suspected of an incredible crime in order to shield the brother of his sweetheart. "Beautiful Jim," himself, is just the character to enlist the sympathies of John Strange Winter's readers. By the way, the author has, in this story, deserted the cavalry and enlisted in the line. And, on the whole, we decidedly prefer her linesmen to her troopers, as the companions of an hour or two.

"From the Dead; a Romance," by Denzil Vane (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is based upon two favourite motives—metempsychosis, and that form of matrimony which is unquestionably a failure. Since the novels of a period notoriously represent contemporary life, the transmigration of a soul from a dead body into a living one must be getting as common as extra-judicial separation. Denzil Vane has made no attempt to blend his themes together, so that the result is rather crude. The metempsychosis business is not badly conceived, as representing the passionate desire of a dying musician for the completion and production of a great unfinished work, and using the brain and hand of a commonplace friend for its fulfilment. The poetry of the situation is, however, entirely left out, and nothing comes of it but an uninteresting suspicion of imposture. The matrimonial business, on the other hand, is as weak, even in its conception, as the matrimonial novel is almost certain to be. The wicked siren, the noble wife, and the male noodle for whom they pull caps have become equal bores, and everybody knows exactly what they are going to say and do. So far as this portion of it is concerned, Denzil Vane's story is strictly according to the average.

"A Poor Player: A Story of Kent," by West Diggles (2 vols.: Remington and Co.), is chiefly distinguished by its peculiarities of grammar. It is a story of stage life, and is supposed, to judge from various allusions, to refer to the present day; but the manners and customs described have a decidedly traditional flavour. We should imagine that the professional knowledge of West Diggles, like his grammar, is derived rather from his inner consciousness than from study and observation. However this may be, his law is decidedly that of an amateur. It is not necessary for the mother of a runaway bride to become a general servant in the house where her daughter lodges in order to find proofs of the marriage. At any rate, the novel does not refer to the pre-Somerset House period. When will novelists learn that to prove a marriage is even easier than to publish a novel?



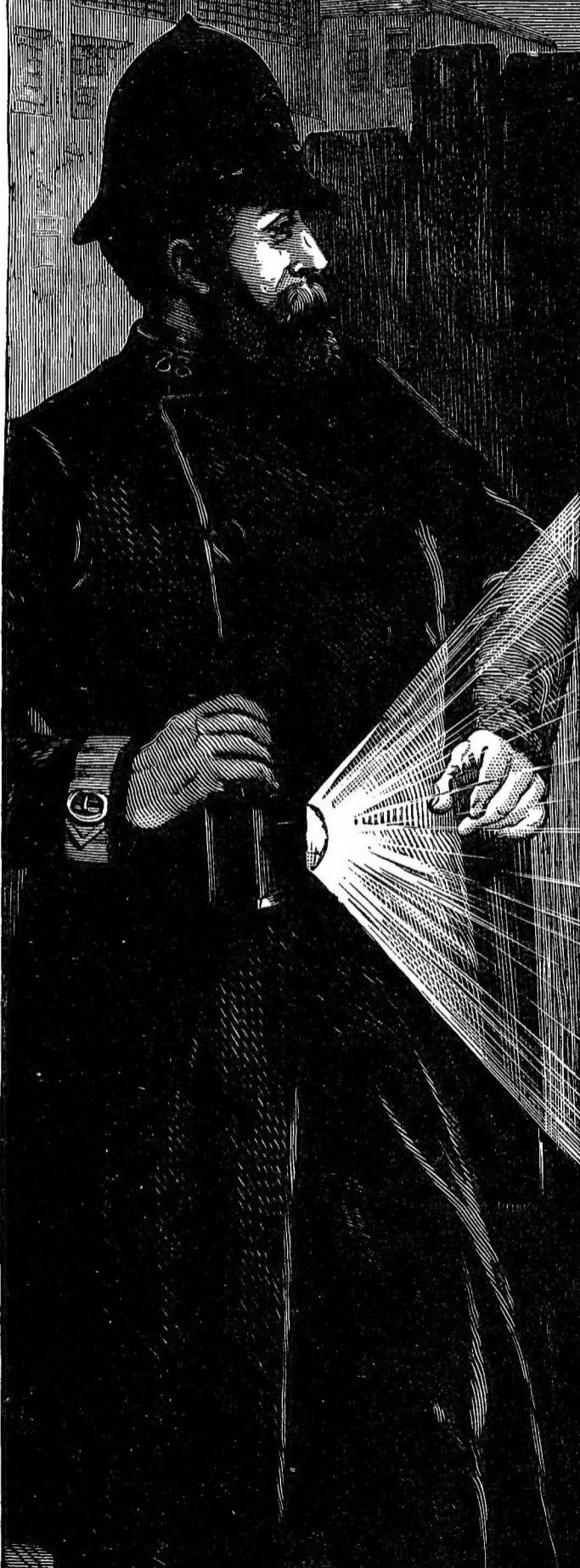
MESSRS. J. AND J. HOPKINSON.—Two easy but well-written anthems, which may be attempted and sung by limited choirs, are: "Let the Heavens Rejoice," words from Psalm xcvi., and "Blessed is He," from Psalm xli.; the music, by Gustav Ernst, is to be recommended for its simplicity; it is not all composers who can write for the many who are not prepared to conquer supreme difficulties.—The latest numbers of "The Grosvenor Series of Part Songs" are "Daybreak," from Longfellow's sweet poem, set to music by C. A. Macrione; "The Maiden and the Brook," words by Catherine Ray, music by G. Lomas, Mus. Bac.; "O Lovely May," one of Mrs. Hemans' graceful poems, music by Ernest Birch; and "Love Wakes and Weeps" (serenade), a popular poem by Sir Walter Scott, which has been set to music with taste by W. J. Pussey.—"Peace and War," written and composed by Michael Watson, will take a good place in the programmes of the coming Ballad Concerts of the winter season.—"The Parting Hour" is one of Clement Scott's daintiest little poems set to appropriate music by Ernest Birch.—"A Wild Night," written and composed by H. Kendall and G. B. Allen, is a dramatic song of medium compass.—Ardent lovers will find "Love Conquers All," words by George Barlow, music by Arthur Hervey, a useful and melodious medium for expressing their feelings.—Exactly suited for an encore song at a popular concert is, "Our Jack," the spirited words by Edward Oxenford, the tuneful music by H. Trotter; it is published in three keys to suit the voices of sailors, men and lads.

MESSRS. BEAL AND CO.—Dramatic and highly effective is "From Dark to Dawn," written and composed by E. M. Jackson and Odoardo Barri. There is a violin or violoncello obligato accompaniment to this song which adds to its interest when available, but can be dispensed with; this is one of the best of the clever composer's recent compositions, and will no doubt take a foremost place in the concert programmes of the season as well as in the home circle.—A new and successful setting of the Rev. H. F. Lyte's beautiful poem, "Far From My Heavenly Home," comes from the pen of Berthold Tours, who will be found here at his best. An organ accompaniment ad lib. has a very good effect.—Two good songs, music by Michael Watson, are "In After Years," words by Herbert Harraden, a somewhat commonplace love-poem; and "Four Mariners," the bright and original words by A. C. Jewitt.—The little ones will be delighted with "Aunt Tabitha's Nursery Rhymes," which their old friend George Fox has set to tuneful and singable music; these songs, twenty in number, are all tried favourites.—"On the Moonlit Deep," a romance for the pianoforte, and "Ring, O' Bells," a musical sketch for the pianoforte, by Michael Watson, are pretty and easy pieces for after-dinner performance.—The same may be said of "The Cadets' March" ("Pas Redoublé"), by Seymour Smith.

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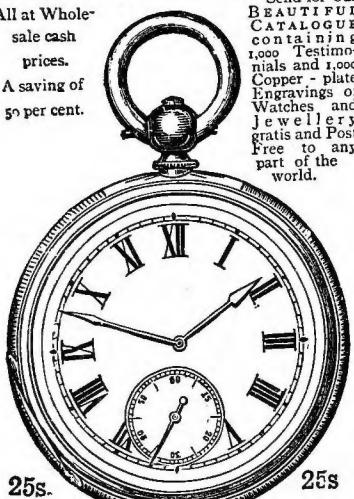
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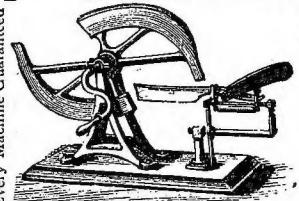
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